★ JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 15, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1809

AIR RAIDS! LLOYD'S POLICY FREE FOR EVERY READER

BEHIND THE NEWS

BRASS TACKS, NOW McBEVIN!

My nerves are steadier now I have a cup of Bournville Cocoa last thing

—AND IT'S ONE FOOD THAT'S COSTING LESS!

WHAT'S this? A food that's *down* in price? Yes, madam, Bournville Cocoa costs you less than it did before the war. *It has been reduced to 3d. per quarter-pound.* Housewives now find their old friend Bournville Cocoa to be a big new help in keeping the bills down. And don't forget that it's a natural food and it helps your nerves!

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON — THE BLOOD branch
★ PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMINS — VITAL TO HEALTH

BOURNVILLE COCOA

THE 5-STAR

QUALITY UNALTERED

Save money

BUY THE ½ lb. TIN 9½D

or the big

1 lb. FAMILY TIN 1'6

CHOCOLATE IN WARTIME

Restricted Supplies

Our supplies of fresh milk, of sugar, and of other raw materials are rationed. In addition we have big Government contracts to meet.

Yet public demand for chocolate and cocoa is greater than ever because they are such concentrated and convenient foods.

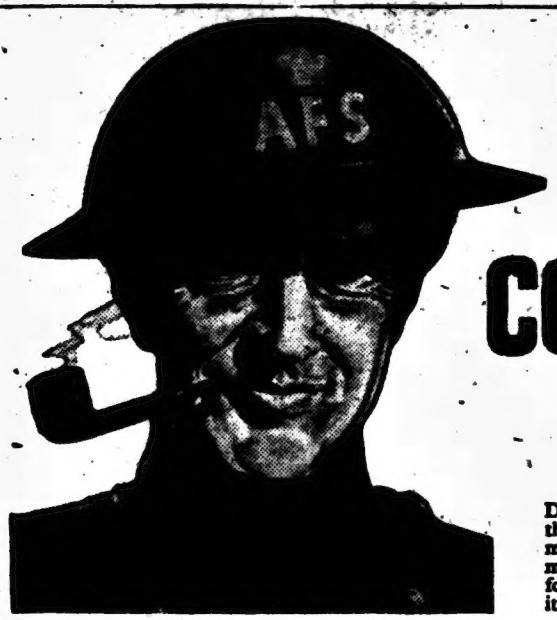
In order to distribute the available supplies fairly we have had to ration all our customers. If therefore you cannot get your usual choice of Cadbury lines, please do not blame the shopkeeper. He is doing the best he can with short supplies.

We are doing the same. We are also ensuring that our lines remain, as always, of the very highest quality.

ISSUED BY

CADBURYS

OF BOURNVILLE



MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

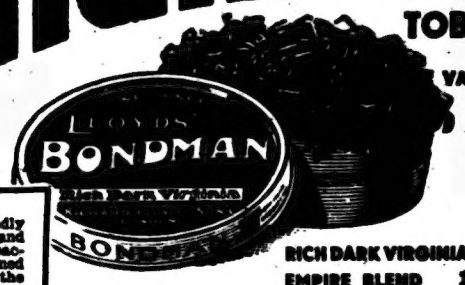
Duty demands constant coolness; there's little time to relax, and moments of ease must give contentment. So *cool* Bondman's the choice for pipe satisfaction. Try it! enjoy its fresh fragrance.

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

IN 1 oz VACUUM TINS

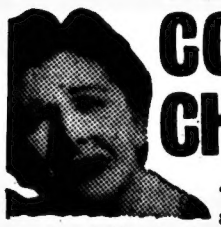


THIS TIN IS VALUABLE
When you buy your Bondman kindly transfer the tobacco to your pouch and hand back the empty tin to your tobacconist. It will be hygienically cleaned and used again to provide you with the enjoyment of vacuum-sealed tobacco.

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz
EMPIRE BLEND 1/8½ per oz

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.) Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

TRY Phensic for 'FLU COLDS CHILLS



TO BE RID of a bad cold or an attack of 'flu in the quickest way—take 2 tablets of Phensic. Once you get Phensic into your bloodstream your cold and the nasty symptoms will soon go. Even severe cases quickly recover—and if you round off the cure with Phensic you will find a wonderful tonic effect. Millions rely upon Phensic—and they could take nothing better. Doctors recommend it even for weak heart patients. For Phensic

CANNOT HARM THE HEART

It is just as effective for the relief of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache and all Nerve and Muscular Pains.

Prices: 3½d, 7d, 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8
(Including Purchase Tax)

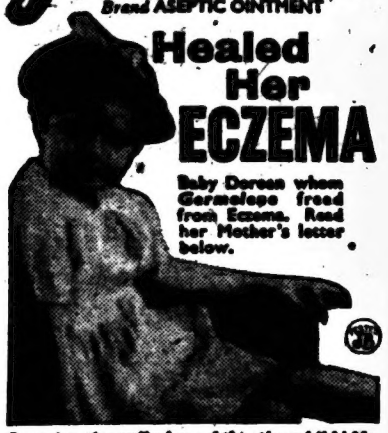
Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-SIK' Brand

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Healed Her ECZEMA



Baby Doreen whom Germolene freed from Eczema. Read her Mother's letter below.

Imagine the suffering of this tiny child! No need to tell you of the mother's gratitude when the gentle, soothing, healing action of Germolene banished this painful disfiguring trouble for good! Read her letter.

My little girl was suffering from Eczema all over her face. I feared she would lose the sight of her right eye the rash spreading so badly soon to both eyes. I decided to try Germolene. In less than three weeks the trouble disappeared."—Mrs. E. J., Liverpool.

How quickly Germolene heals your broken skin and cleanses that nasty place clean! How swiftly all skin troubles disappear under the soothing touch of Germolene.

GERMOLENE HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS CHILBLAINS CHAPS ABSCESSES ULCERS

GREAT HEALING OFFER

You can prove the amazing healing power of Germolene without risking a penny. Get a 1/8 tin and use all the contents. If not satisfied return the empty carton to Vono Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester. Your money will be refunded in full. Sold Everywhere, 7d., 1/8, 2/6 and 10/8 Per Tin. *Including Purchase Tax.*

THIS YEAR WE CLIMB TO VICTORY

YOU CAN HELP

your country and yourself at the same time if you do YOUR BEST, but you are not doing your best if you waste time. By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself.

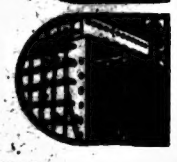
The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

TO ACHIEVE VICTORY

we must be efficient—to be efficient we must be trained. If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or, if your career is undecided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever. It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable. Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over thirty years proves that the will to succeed achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

EARNING POWER IS A SOUND INVESTMENT



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Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
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Press Tool Work
Production Engineering
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Communication
Radio Service Engineering
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School Attendance Officer
Secretarial Exams.
Sheet Metal Work
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
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Teachers of Handicrafts
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Welding
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
Works Manager

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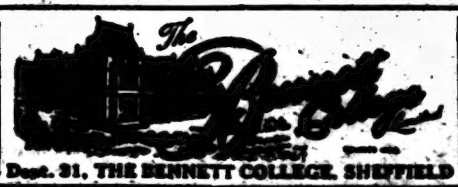
STUDY AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME



Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

EVERY DEPARTMENT IS A COMPLETE COLLEGE; EVERY STUDENT IS A CLASS TO HIMSELF.

IF YOU ATTEND TO THIS NOW IT MAY MAKE A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE TO YOUR FUTURE

COUPON—CUT THIS OUT

To Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE Ltd., SHEFFIELD

Please send me (free of charge) Particulars of ..... / Your private advice about } (Cross out line which does not apply)

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 15, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

FRIEND—OR FOE?

● War Office and Scotland Yard should check up the aliens in khaki. Germans, Austrians and Italians, joining the Pioneer Corps a year ago, went through the campaign in France.

Fine fellows!

Others are now being enlisted on release from an internment camp.

It seems to be thought that if they are willing to put on British Army uniform they must all be "friendly aliens."

One is a German baron whose family is known to have Nazi sympathies. His brother is in the German army: he was in the London hotel business, so favoured by Nazi agents.

During his internment authorities considered him so doubtful that he was specially watched.

First to volunteer for Army service, he was accepted at once!

Scores of Austrian ex-Fascists and Jew-baiters have also joined the Pioneers.

In their own country they fought trade unionists and Socialists.

Now they are made N.C.O.s and given power over Jewish volunteers.

Britain should welcome the help of "friendly aliens" in fighting for democracy.

We should also make sure that every alien in khaki is a real friend of our cause.

Straight from the Shoulder

U.S. GETS WAR NEWS FIRST!

WE should be grateful to Col. Knox, forthright Secretary of the United States Navy, for his news about the prospect of invasion, and the damage to aircraft-carrier *Illustrious*.

But would it not be better if the British public were given this information by the British Government?

"Sez Just Nuffin"

British Ministers seem afflicted by paralysis of the tongue.

The Minister of Information has gone into pantomime as Brer Rabit and consistently "sez nuffin."

So Col. Knox, our unofficial purveyor of official information, has to send us life-and-death news from far-off Washington.

An odd system.

A system that insults the calm and courage of the nation.

Still H.M. Ship!

Direct hit on *Illustrious* from a 1,000-lb. bomb killed eighty men, destroyed twenty bombers, yet she reached port under her own steam.

Even though the news comes from the U.S. Navy, not the British Admiralty, *Illustrious* is still a British ship, manned by Britons.

Why, then, is it left to Washington to give information regarding her casualties?

Tongue-Tied!

Air Chief Marshal Newall reserves for Americans the news that Britain is superior in the use of gas, should that ever be necessary.

Col. Knox tells his countrymen that invasion of Britain is imminent.

But Britain's Ministers are as secretive as our hush-hush coastal defences.

Speak Up, Winston!

The public wants such information direct, Mr. Churchill! It should not have to depend on American friends.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Silence invites uneasiness.

Confidence depends on facts.

Prepare us for the worst and we shall face it with determination.

Secrecy inspires only worse bogies than the worst that can happen.

It's History Now

It is said that the Government is thinking of issuing a pamphlet telling us what to do in an invasion.

"J.B." hopes it will be available soon. For the last words on the subject were "Stay put."

That was an official order.

We were told to *stay put* whether at home or work.

Such was the instruction we received in July last year.

We were also told to "go to shelter" whenever we heard an air raid warning.

Tell Us Right Now

Since then, air raid procedure has been changed. Invasion advice also needs qualifying.

Most people should certainly stay put. But not all, surely.

Are telephone operators to stay at home as long as the invasion attempt lasts?

Are railways to be deserted?

Must shops be shuttered even if there are no Germans in the district?

Will all munition works be closed for the duration?

These points must be settled.

Detailed information must be given *now*.

Take Your Mask

And let us be on guard against the horrific tales concerning poison gas.

We must be prepared for gas as part of a large-scale attack.

But do not let us be scared by Nazi-inspired hair-raisers in advance.

If gas should be used, we have full protection against it. Our gas-masks.

It's just common-sense to take your mask with you wherever you go. It is hardly less sensible to ignore the hot air now talked about gas.

Lost Their Heads

Such piffle helps the Nazis more than the actual use of gas.

It terrified the French, who had never been taken into their leaders' confidence.

Lack of official guidance caused them to panic. They cluttered up roads to escape from a few parachute troops.

They lost their country when they lost their heads.

All Ready for 'Em

It will not happen here.

Neutral observers do not flatter us when they declare that our morale is unbeatable.

We have reason for confidence.

The army defending Britain's shores has been reorganised. It is mobile and splendidly armed.

It has plenty of surprises awaiting any invaders who succeed in outwitting a powerful R.A.F. and the world's greatest Navy.

And it is backed by more than a million Home Guards.

Get On With It Now

It is not doubt that prompts JOHN BULL to ask Mr. Churchill for all the news and advice about invasion that he can give.

It is a hope that our defences will not be hampered, even in the slightest degree, by uncertainty and rumour.

Meantime, the public too has a duty.

To work as never before!

Reached New "High"

Aircraft production reached a new record last month.

Let us make it higher still in February.

Munitions output is gigantic.

But it must be still better.

More guns.

More shells.

More bombs!

We need all we can get.

Launching Victory

Above all, we need more ships.

Even now, losses are heavier than replacements.

They will probably be higher still in the Spring.

Not an ounce of shipping space should be wasted.

The yards of the Clyde and Tyne, already performing marvels of speed, must perform the miraculous.

No Time to Waste

Throughout industry, indeed, not a man and not a minute can safely be wasted.

Waste in the Fighting Forces must be eliminated.

No longer should it be considered bad form for junior officers to drive their own cars. Their soldier chauffeurs can be spared for more active duties.

No longer should we tolerate the colossal waste of Army food.

It's No Excuse

Mr. Dick Law, the War Office apologist, says that hundreds of thousands of young soldiers cannot be converted into prudent housewives within a fortnight.

But Army supplies of food and petrol are not controlled by hundreds of thousands of raw recruits.

Mr. Law's excuse is not clever.

They're the Villains

Who are our enemies?

Not only the grey-clad dupes of Nazidom.

Not only such corrupt scoundrels as Laval.

Not only the crumbling Italian army.

But also Rumour and Waste.

The Government can end both, and in ending them speed the end of the war.

(Continued overleaf.)

AIR RAIDS • BOMBARDMENT • INVASION • GAS ATTACKS •

A FREE INSURANCE POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

This gigantic scheme applies to all civilian readers, without restriction, including Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, Spotters, Fire Watchers, Ambulance Drivers, etc.

[See page 7

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

GAMBLING dens are being opened in London.

Luxurious hells in Mayfair, sordid holes in the East End.

Officers and soldiers are the victims.

A few arrests have been made.

A wholesale clean-up is needed.

Cardiff Leads Again

Changes in "blitz" arrangements are being made in many cities. Sorry scandals of London's East End, Manchester and Liverpool have at last led to action.

Cardiff leads. After recent bombing, the city's assistance officers hastened to every shelter for the homeless, didn't lose a minute in meeting claims and saving the bombed-out from long trudges and delays.

Five Weeks' Torture

Even though War Damage Bill doesn't meet all requirements, such a costly and complicated measure could not have been created by any other country in the midst of a life-or-death struggle.

M.P. critics might turn their attention next to local councils that delay in repairing bombed houses.

Yes, even in London, a family sat up at night for five weeks to bale out the water that streamed through a hole in the roof.

Local builder offering to undertake such repairs for the council was ignored.

Rents for Ruins

People living in shattered houses are still having to pay full rent.

Premises are considered "in good condition" despite lack of water, drainage and other services.

Law Officers of the Crown are now considering this anomaly.

Decision is expected soon.

Paid Rates Twice

No redress for new aspects of an old evil.

If you pay an inclusive rental and the landlord fails to pay the rates, you can be sued for them. So you pay twice over.

This is the experience of a Hampstead family, who had to leave a bombed flat because the landlord would neither repair it nor pay the rates!

Didn't Mention Them

Croydon man who went to pay his rates found the office closed, men and women waiting in the street, because of an air raid "Alert."

Yet the clerks were still at their desks.

Mr. Churchill appealed to the nation to carry on during raids.

He did not make an exception of Croydon.

Shelter Colour Bar

Infamous development for which officialdom can't be blamed is a "colour bar" in shelters.

Indeed, one Indian official, victim of this prejudice, was asked by a warden not to speak to a white woman in a London shelter; negroes have been asked to leave.

You know what JOHN BULL would like to do to little-minded bigots who insult coloured people.

Pen-Pushing Food

Restrictions on restaurant meals merely trifle with a glaring anomaly.

If you're a coal miner or steel worker and cannot dine out, your meat ration amounts to about two ounces a day.

If you push a pen in a Whitehall office and go out for meals, you can get eight ounces a day.

Ministry of Food may think it's fair.

The public doesn't.

Nor does JOHN BULL.

Believe it or Not

"Cheaper eggs on Monday," said the newspapers.

On the previous Saturday, housewives who hadn't been able to get more than two eggs for weeks were offered two dozen.

It had happened before, of course.

Need it happen again?

Nothing for Heroes

Troops working throughout the night in some London districts get no food, not even a hot drink.

Can't mobile canteens be made available after dark?

It's Inexcusable

Wives of regular soldiers, disembarked from India at a western port, were sent to a city station.

Some hadn't been in Britain before, some had small children, all were tired and cold.

Their trains left from other stations, passers-by had to help them find their way and carry their luggage. No cups of tea even for those faced with day-long journeys!

Those who missed their trains had to be given a night's shelter by onlookers of this inexcusable bungling.

Toll on Airmen

Services should be more callous with toll-keepers.

One airman has to use a toll bridge twice daily between his home and the camp. Toll costs him nearly 5s. a week.

Preposterous even in peace-time, this tomfoolery shouldn't be tolerated in war.

He's Still Trying

London suburban clerk passed his medical test last August, was told he'd be in the R.A.F. within a month.

He passed over his affairs to the bank, which has naturally charged him for its service.

Now he is being sent to Lancashire for another test, has hopes of being in Air Force blue this time next year.

And They're Waiting

Other men have been waiting for months for their "medical." One, who resigned a good job abroad to enlist in Britain, had to wait from June to December before seeing the doctors, and still hasn't managed to get into khaki.

But the Fighting Forces still say they need more men.

Will They be Paid!

When these would-be fighters are called up, how long must they wait for payment?

If you read this page regularly you'll know the answer.

This week's example concerns a gunner who joined his unit last November and completed all formalities. Yet his wife and child haven't yet had a farthing of the Government allowance.

(Difficulties with which the Army pay officials must contend are described in "Army Pay is no Soft Job"—Page 7.)

He's Been Ignored

Similarly, a teacher in a London week-end institute has been without salary for the same period, despite his reminders.

Sometimes such delay occurs because of the stupid rule, "No application for wages, no pay."

A system that education authorities should scrap!

They're Lucky People

Civil Servants' application for higher pay can't be met by the old sneer that "these people are never satisfied."

One "temporary" attached to an Army depot receives £3 1s. 5d. a week. Board and lodging for himself and his wife costs £3 a week.

They're lucky.

Some Civil Servants drawing the same salary have four children to keep.

Praise from India

A reader in India congratulates us.

We bow in return.

We protested against the absurdity of exporting scrap iron and steel from India to Japan.

Government of India is now keeping this war material as an emergency reserve.

Empty Room Farce

Here's something in which Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, should intervene:

Billeting officers in evacuation areas are still reluctant to call at big houses. And their own houses?

One officer, failing to find billets for children in a southern town, apparently didn't think of putting them in his own house of thirty rooms, occupied solely by himself, his wife and three servants.

Imposing on Both

Now for a complaint *against* evacuees.

Some London women in Wales have now been joined by their husbands, who have found work locally at good wages.

Yet these women and their children still draw official allowances, imposing both on the country and Welsh householders.

Getting Rid of 'em

Women in one Home Counties village have found a new way of getting rid of child evacuees.

They shout at youngsters and behave so strangely that the children report it to their schoolteacher. A doctor is informed and certifies that the women aren't responsible for their actions.

The unlucky billeting officer has to find fresh shelter for the evacuees.

And it's strange how suddenly women recover when children are removed.

Boys for the Sea

Finally, the British Sailors' Society once again can offer a career in the Merchant Navy to readers' sons.

Thirty were accepted last year, trained and put to sea.

Entry age is now between sixteen and seventeen.

Full particulars from the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel, Ingham Old Hall, near Norwich.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● R.A.F. attacks on Nazi naval bases have seriously delayed building programmes, in many cases by several months. Raeder won't get more than 70 per cent. of scheduled deliveries of any craft—from battleships to trawlers.

● *Nazi dockyard workers are aware that British shipping losses show spasmodic increases only when new U-boat deliveries succeed in being made—roughly for a week or two every three months.*

● More than half the Italian Air Force in Africa is now out of action; more than half their supplies have been destroyed or captured.

● Our raids on German air bases on the Mediterranean front have caused the diversion of nearly 100 daily Italian trains to purely German military requirements, causing traffic dislocation and consequent hardship among the people.

● *In allowing mention of super-fighter Tornado, Air Ministry neither confirms nor denies details from U.S.A. of other new and really sensational British 'planes, both fighters and bombers.*

● German army in Norway has been replaced by S.S. troops controlled by Himmler, so Gestapo methods will counter discontented Norwegians.

● New ideas for finding enemy targets in the dark are now being tried out with confident expectations, not only for airplane armament but also A.A. guns and torpedo-tubes.

● *To terrorise French public opinion into agreement with Nazi demands, Gestapo has revived the notorious Cagoulards ("Hooded Men"). But ringleaders have been rounded up in Vichy.*

● Nazi nerve war in Balkans and Turkey has met with its most serious reverse by guaranteed U.S.A. offer of immediate help to every Balkan State that resists aggression.

● Alarmed by prospects of man-power shortage, Axis leaders plan to conscript boys and girls between 11 and 17 for work on land and unskilled sections of aerodrome building. Education is to be limited to three hours a week.

Brass Tacks Now, Mr. Bevin!

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

BY THE EDITOR

SINCE the war began, the Germans, with a population twice as big as Britain's, have persuaded (or compelled) two and a half million foreigners to work for them in their own country.

They boast about having no unemployed, and they are still importing labour.

Discounting this boast, yet remembering the resources of the British Commonwealth (and the growing help of the United States), it is still clear that we must realise the importance of keeping pace.

Mr. Bevin is the man to do it.

He is big enough, and strong enough. Immense powers are vested in the Minister of Labour, and he has the solid backing of the employers and the Trades Unions.

But he will have to take his coat off.

At all costs—even at the cost of that compulsion that he would rightly prefer to avoid—he must prevent slackness.

The only way to do this is to stop leakages through which man power is running to waste.

By August, it is expected that half a million additional women will have been put on to war work.

Nevertheless, Mr. Bevin's decision that all single women in the younger age groups must register in the next few weeks is only a step in the right direction.

There can be no full industrial mobilisation until every fit and *replaceable* man out of uniform has been replaced by a woman or some other man, unfit or too old for service with the Colours.

The latest batch of youths and men up to forty-one will strengthen the Navy, the Army and the Air Force, but it can do so only at the expense of Britain's war industries, unless precautions are taken.

Two million more women on the register will not meet the national need unless they can be effectively employed.

Many women already registered are not being effectively employed. Indeed, there has been a serious wastage of workers.

Numbers of them have left their jobs in munition factories because they were housed too far from their work. Others found conditions intolerable through lack of proper welfare arrangements.

Such conditions exist. If they are not remedied, recruits to the women's industrial army will refuse to accept them.

It is too late to change the sites of factories already completed, or nearing completion, yet many were chosen with an almost incredible disregard for the workers.

Men can stand hard travel and poor accommodation better than women, but, apart from this, there is shocking wastage of *male* labour in scores of war time industries.

JOHN BULL's post-bag is packed with protests.

A Northumberland miner complains that hundreds of his mates are idle two or three days a week, yet, even in the North of England, power station chiefs have been at their wits' ends to maintain day-to-day supplies of coal!

Mr. Bevin may not be concerned about domestic fuel supplies, but the war furnaces must be fed, and ample reserves maintained.

Miners working short time do not fit into the picture of full industrial mobilisation, nor do trainees, "back home on the dole," after completing their training course!

JOHN BULL does not like to see idle plant, and machinery, any better than idle men.

They *are* to be seen, and we could tell the Minister of Labour where to find them.

He might begin by looking through the constantly rejected applications of small engineering firms for any kind of war work that any Government department would care to give them.

Idle men and idle machines *can* be set to work again.

Mr. Bevin may find it a harder task to make sure that men and machinery are employed everywhere on full time.

To-day they are not.

Complaints about dockers "going slow" may have been justified, but a Tilbury reader says that week after week eager dockers in his district are queueing up at the Labour Exchange.

Some of these men were sent to the West of England or to Scotland to meet local needs.

They went gladly.

After about a month they were sent home again. There was no work for them.

This scandal of wasted man power calls for immediate investigation, but it is not in itself so disastrous as the shocking scandal of "slowing down" in Britain's war factories.

"My workmates," writes a Manchester reader, "are skilled fitters in a Government A-1 factory, and we are working less overtime now than for the past ten years."

"One section of our fellows is working on bombers," writes another reader, "but we were told that we were too far ahead with output, and we have been compelled, on that account, to work shorter hours than we did pre-war!"

JOHN BULL has no space even to summarise similar complaints coming in by every post, yet it is necessary to emphasise the frequently expressed grievance that elderly, skilled and still fully competent workers are sacked in favour of others of military age.

In one firm there are seven so-called draughtsmen, of whom the oldest is only twenty-eight, although the firm is working to old and standard patterns, and no draughtsmanship is needed.

This is a damnable waste of potential fighting men.

MR. BEVIN has promised the country a comb-out of all reserved occupations.

This is a promise that will not be easy to fulfil, but yet it *must* be fulfilled "without fear or favour" to convince the country that the Minister of Labour means business.

Almost all of us could tell him of some "cushy Cuthbert" who wasn't an essential worker until somebody gave him the key to the great rabbit warren.

JOHN BULL cannot conclude this article without adding that the Fighting Services themselves need to be combed out just as thoroughly as the Government offices, the business premises, and the great factories.

Not hundreds, but thousands and thousands of men in uniform are to-day employed in work that could be done just as well by women or unfit men.

Scandals of the last war are being repeated.

We know an adjutant who was appointed, after wounds, to a home unit in 1917. The first thing he did was to detail his regimental band of completely fit men to the next overseas draft!

We could do with a lot more adjutants of the same type to-day.

JOHN BULL has no doubt that we could also do with far *fewer* officials.

Lord Woolton's Food Ministry, for instance, now employs 30,200 of them, as against 12,000 nine months ago! The comb-out of the new bureaucracy is urgently needed.

THERE has been much talk of "Communism" in the factories and of greed among the men.

JOHN BULL doubts whether this sort of selfishness accounts for even 5 per cent. of the country's wasted man power.

Inefficient organisation, slow, inadequate and expensive transport, and the frequent failure to arrange for supplies at the proper time, are responsible for delaying production.

Mr. Bevin can count on the good will of the country—masters, men, women recruits and general public—if he will but stop these leakages of man power.

He's got to get down to brass tacks.

So let us hope it's true that he is going to appoint "personal managers" in certain industrial concerns.

That will be only a start, certainly.

But a sound start!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

MENTAL DUSTBIN

WE'RE all living under a strain, and even if someone could be found whose life has not so far been touched by hostilities, the mere knowledge that, day after day, the war was progressing would produce anxiety lest it might affect him.

There would still be strain.

For the rest of us it is still more obvious.

We're living in conditions that bear little resemblance to the routine we had come to appreciate as life.

So let us hasten to admit the presence of strain.

It's neither clever nor useful to pretend.

To admit it is half-way towards minimising its effects.

Once any danger is openly acknowledged we can act.

We can insist on thinking calmly and reasoning quietly, instead of indulging in panic-stricken guesses.

We can use only *facts* as a basis for thinking, and consign rumour and opinion to the mental dustbin.

We can adjust our lives every day to any new conditions we may have to meet, and we can do it without grousing, without regrets.

Cheerful adjustment to changing circumstances is among the best ways of avoiding strain.

We can avoid emotional extremes.

We can strive to keep ourselves and those around us on an even keel.

Even though we don't always succeed, trying will do us good.

We can rest—be *deliberately* lazy—to give ourselves a chance to gather renewed energy to meet the strain.

We can use our common-sense—even in wartime!

OPEN LETTERS

LORD HALIFAX, Washington

MY LORD,—Americans thought you would be as lofty in manner as you are in stature. They imagined you were so starchy that if you smiled your face would crack.

Instead, they find you can get down to business without fuss, and your only "cracks" are witticisms of American standard.

Their newspaper descriptions of you now read like a publisher's ecstasy over his latest book.

I'm glad you have so quickly fulfilled British expectations. I am convinced that the more important requirements of your mission will be carried out with the same speed and good will.

The rapid passing of the Lease-and-Lend Bill is an indication of the earnestness with which the United States is increasing its aid for Britain.

That aid will be decisive in our steam-roller drive to victory. Your part in adapting it to our needs will be among the most vital tasks in history.

Congratulations on starting it so well.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. H. HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Fine news about a bumper potato crop for this year. But—and it's a big But.

One smallholder has been told to grow five acres of potatoes, yet he has only four acres of land and two of them are sown with wheat.

Another has been told to plough up his wheat and plant potatoes instead.

If there's an outbreak of pink fits and blue language in rural districts, don't be surprised.—JOHN BULL.

General DALLOLIO, Rome

VENERABLE SIR,—You have my sympathy in your appointment, at the whiskery age of ninety-one, as Italy's director of military supplies.

So many of Mussolini's generals have been captured or sacked that he obviously couldn't find a younger man for the job.

But remember that you must represent "a young and virile nation" fighting "an old and decadent Britain."

So don't, I beg you, arrive at your office in bath-chair and carpet slippers.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal Sir P. CAME, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police

DEAR SIR PHILIP.—Too many people are helping Hitler by dislocating our traffic. Railway companies in particular.

Their slow horse-drawn drays delay long lines of traffic in narrow streets that have become main thoroughfares because of bomb damage to main roads.

Usually they are spaced out to ensure maximum delay.

And delay impedes war business, wastes money.

Why not prohibit horsed traffic in such streets?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—If reports that you will clap on more indirect taxes are designed to test public reaction, you must be feeling glum.

For the public, plainly, is in no mood to tolerate another series of piecemeal measures as half-baked as the Purchase Tax.

We must pay for the war. We are willing to make sacrifices. But we'd rather have heavier direct taxation than further duties on food.

Sugaring the pill merely makes it more nauseous.

It is also sickening, you know, that arms firms are still declaring dividends of 30, 40, and 50 per cent.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. H. H. BALFOUR, M.P., Under-Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—The Army's victories in the Middle East will surely provoke our generals to disagree with you.

"In our growing bomber force," you think, "lies the main weapon that will eventually bring the Axis to its knees"

Goering is certainly uneasy about the coming R.A.F. offensive. As a safeguard against fire bombs, his aircraft are spraying forests and wooden buildings with chemicals.

But he can't protect himself from our H.E.s!—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF A.R.P. OFFICER, Hull

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps it's only a joke that all gas suits except three, and all rattles, bells and rubber boots are to be withdrawn from wardens' posts and reissued only when gas is used by the Nazis.

If so, I hope the feeble jest is not adopted by other services.

The public wouldn't feel so good if the infantry were deprived of their rifles, and firemen had to make a special application before using water mains.—JOHN BULL.

Major G. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Ministry of Food

DEAR MAJOR,—Discharged from the Army because of ill-health a man is medically certified to need half a pound of liver daily.

The local Food Officer refuses a permit.

Again I say that to condemn sick people to unnecessary suffering is a darned callous way of winning the war.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDDIE WILLIAMS, Children's Nutritional Council, Wales

DEAR SIR,—Less rosy, more truthful than official blurbs about the school-feeding scheme is your own report.

Only 65,000 out of 5,000,000 scholars benefit. The food supplies only half the nutrition it should.

One headmaster is given meat worth 6s. 6d. to produce dinners for eighty children four days a week.

Bread for a hundred children has to be cut with half a pound of butter and the same amount of margarine.

Such preposterous stinginess is not confined to Wales. But Whitehall is too proud of its paper scheme to notice deficiencies.—JOHN BULL.

Maj-Gen. THOMAS R. EASTWOOD, Inspector-General, Home Guard

DEAR GENERAL,—Although your men should now be on their toes in readiness for any invasion attempt, some of them are still tied down by lack of training.

One unit of thirty-two men tried to train in a hall, but the owner withdrew permission because they used the electric light one night a week.

They tried in vain to secure quarters. After five weeks' idleness, they have all resigned in disgust.

I have drawn your attention to several other complaints. Time they were remedied!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. M. MACDONALD, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—That there should be a shortage of doctors is one of the most disturbing paradoxes of this most paradoxical war. For there are more than 64,000 names on the medical register.

Reason is that the Navy, Army, Air Force and civil public each has its own medical service. Why not, as the *Lancet* suggests, merge these services into a common pool?

If that is not possible, I urge that at least the specialist hospitals and their staff of experts should be made available to all, in uniform or not.

Too many consultants are kicking their heels waiting for air raid casualties to arrive, while in other districts none can be found.

You must make the first move.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. LORIS REY, National Union of Auxiliary Firemen

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—So many injustices are suffered by the A.F.S. that your new organisation should find plenty of scope.

You do well to begin with the monstrous scandal that an injured A.F.S. man is sacked unless he recovers within thirteen weeks.

Another grumble in my post-bag is that London section officers are to be reduced in rank because of "reorganisation."

Their efficiency during the "blitz" will thus involve them in a wage cut of 5s. a week.

A hero's lot is still not happy.—JOHN BULL.

OPERATION IN A BLITZ

★ When the official communiqués announce that Nazi raiders have bombed another hospital, people think mainly of the patients, lying in the wards. A "John Bull" man describes what happens when bombs fall during an operation.

BATHED in the pure white light of the arc-lamps nurses and doctors, in masks and gowns, stood around the operating table, ready to start their work of mercy.

But this was no ordinary operating-theatre.

Specially prepared against air raid threats, it had massive beams and girders criss-cross the walls and ceiling.

No sound penetrated from the outside world.

The anæsthetist was adjusting the mask over the patient's mouth.

And as he began to administer a mixture of ether, nitrous oxide and oxygen, the anæsthetic machine whirred softly.

Bobbins climbed steadily in different gauges, indicating pressures, and down below a rubber balloon swelled and deflated with the patient's breathing.

Another anæsthetic machine was kept in the corridor for "emergencies."

The surgeon selected a sterilised scalpel and paused, his hand poised above the square of flesh surrounded by sterilised cloths.

The anæsthetist looked up from his gauges and nodded. The surgeon could start his delicate task.

Working swiftly and silently the surgeon and his assistant think only of the patient when the theatre is rocked by the blast of exploding bombs

Warning Flash

As he bent over the patient a light began to flash at the end of the theatre.

Air raid sirens were sounding.

But nobody seemed troubled.

The surgeon was too absorbed even to notice the light.

The assistant surgeon's rubber-gloved hands were moving adroitly as he completed the work of his senior.

There was a momentary pause as a slight tremor ran through the patient.

The anæsthetist glanced at the table near his elbow.

A hypodermic charged with adrenalin rested there, ready to revive a flagging heart. . . .

Quite suddenly there came an inferno of noise.

Not even "sound-proofed" walls could smother the shriek of dive-bombing aircraft, anti-aircraft guns and bombs exploding one after the other.

Beads of perspiration appeared on the surgeon's forehead, and, for a moment, I wondered whether this leading British surgeon felt the strain of air raid operations.

Then I realised that it was the heat of the theatre.

The surgeon inclined his head towards the sister.

Automatically she wiped away the beads of perspiration with a sterilised towell.

They could be dangerous if they dropped into the wound. . . .

Shaking Walls

Crrrump! . . . The walls of the theatre shook, and there was the sighing roar of bricks collapsing.

Involuntarily I had started. Pretty near, that one. No one took any notice.

A nurse walked, touched a switch to start the soft purr of air-conditioning fans, specially adapted either to check the inflow of gas or to filter away certain types of poisons.

If the sterilisers failed a duplicate set down the passage worked independently. Outside the windows were brick screens to check blast, and the inner matting prevented splinters from flying into the theatre.

We never heard the whistle of the next bomb.

We had no warning.

It came crashing down somewhere outside, buckled windows, pushed at the walls and shook the concrete floor as though some giant were bursting his way in.

The lights went out.

For a second everything was still.

Then the crackle of a starched apron and another set of lamps glowed.

The sister had switched on the emergency lighting.

"Frozen Tableau"

It was like a film breaking down for a flashing instant.

Everyone had stopped in his tracks.

The surgeon, his scalpel poised.

The nurse, with her hands in one of the trays.

The assistant surgeon about to tie a vein.

The anæsthetist's fingers on the patient's temple, feeling for her pulse.

The silence was broken only by the faint, rather sinister chuckling of the steriliser.

Then, from the ceiling, three flakes of plaster floated down.

The nurses went after them.

"Getting much too accurate, aren't they?" said the surgeon as he bent beneath the arc-lamp again.

I watched his rubber-gloved hands. The arc-lamp was so constructed that they threw no shadow. . . .

Another more distant crump, and the walls trembled again . . . but the surgeon went on with his task.

Someone came in at the left-hand door.

There were three of these doors, three ways of getting out if the theatre were hit, and each capable of taking the wheeled trolley.

The news was whispered round.

The bomb had fallen barely fifteen yards away.

Half the windows in the hospital were gone, there was some damage to the west wing, and several wards were without lights.

I turned back to the surgeon.

He was preparing needle and thread.

Then he began sewing, swiftly and easily.

His hands were as steady as when he started.

A few more quick stitches, and the operation was successfully finished.

As the surgeon peeled off his gloves I asked him what would have happened had part of the theatre been demolished.

"Come with me," he said, "and I'll show you."

He took me down two short corridors, through a reinforced passage and into another room.

This was an emergency theatre at the opposite side of the hospital.

Unless bombs hit both sides they could carry on in one theatre or the other.

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Army Pay Isn't a Soft Job

In seventeen thousand five hundred post-offices two and a half million new Army allowance books will be franked by the Postmaster a week on Monday—and the first draft signed and cashed. This is the story behind that gigantic financial undertaking.

WITH typical British calm, the country will accept with complete nonchalance the organisation that makes it possible for soldiers' wives to make use of their new Army allowance books a week on Monday.

When Mrs. Smith, of Balham, and Mrs. Jones, of Lower Wigglestwick, go shopping they don't pay tribute to the Royal Army Pay Corps.

But they'd have a lot to say if there were any delay.

Even men in the paymaster's office will tell you that sometimes delays and mistakes are unavoidable.

They are most humble.

And a glance at the magnitude of their work shows that paying Army wages is anything but a soft job.

Five weeks before the current books are completed, the printed "Life Certificate" form is detached, completed by the payee and forwarded to the Regimental Paymaster.

* * *

Every detail of these forms is checked and rechecked to ensure that the original payee is alive, and to confirm particulars of name and address and the location of the most convenient post-office.

Bombs and evacuation schemes make it more than ever important that the form be completed in every particular.

Checking completed, squads of men work in relays to stamp the drafts.

One hundred and twenty books, each containing twenty-six drafts, are stamped by hand-machine in an hour, an average of fifty-two drafts a minute.

Next follows the tedious task of writing out the covers of each book, a task made more galling by the knowledge that a large percentage of entries will be made useless by alterations still to be received before they are issued.

When each book has passed safely through these processes it is scrutinised by the section officer, franked with his authorisation stamp, and is now ready for payment.

All that remains is the bagging and sealing of the books.

Then they remain under armed guard until they are posted.

* * *

Many are the mistakes and omissions on "Life Certificates"—wrong names, wrong numbers, missing signatures.

At least two hundred thousand certificates will be returned for alteration or completion in the next fortnight.

When a "Life Certificate" has not been received the Postmaster is instructed not to make an emergency payment after the current book expires.

This step is taken reluctantly, only when requests to forward the "Life Certificates" have not been answered.

An immediate stream of letters from indignant payees occupies the Regimental Paymaster for many days.

In Regimental Pay Offices throughout the country, from the Regimental Paymaster down to the raw recruit, everyone will heave a sigh of relief and turn to face arrears of work next week with the cheering knowledge that one more "Battle of the Main Issue" has been won.

King They Couldn't Shoot

King Christian of Denmark, idol of his people, tolerates the Nazi occupation of his country with magnificent indifference He is nursing his only grandchild

● JOHN BULL'S special correspondent continues his tour of Hitler's New Hells by describing how the Danes are thwarting their Nazi conquerors

POLISH patriot, Joseph Pulsudski, said, "to be vanquished and yet not surrender, that is victory." And Denmark, a tiny nation with a population less than half that of London, is interpreting his words in such a way that its Nazi overlords are completely baffled.

Denmark lies under the heel of the Nazi jackboot like a rubber ball.

When pressure is exerted, the ball gives way, but as soon as the heel lifts again, the rubber resumes its original shape.

Danes have no faith in the Nazi guarantee that a German victory in the war against Britain will mean the restoration of their freedom—and sovereignty.

They show a spirit of passive indifference to everything German.

It is far more effective than the resistance offered by their army of 14,000, negligible navy and almost non-existent air force ten months ago.

Seventy-year-old King Christian strikes the keynote of this passive indifference.

"It is up to everyone," he says, "to behave with complete correctness under the conditions in which we find ourselves at present."

That is his official behest.

Yet when the King saw a Nazi flag flying over a Government building, he told a German officer that it was a breach of the treaty between Denmark and Germany.

"I am the Soldier"

The German remarked that the flag flew according to instructions from Berlin.

The King said he would send a soldier to remove the flag if it were still there at noon.

"The soldier will be shot," threatened the German.

"I am the soldier," the King answered.

The flag was removed.

The aged monarch, idol of his people, holds the balance between such politicians as Premier Stauning, who pleads for patience with the "new order," and Conservative leader Moeller, eagerly declaring, "We do not believe foreign methods suit us.

"We believe in popular government, in the right to think and speak freely," he says.

Most hated man in Denmark is Fritz Clausen, the Danish "Quisling."

Despite Nazi threats and menaces, that hate expressed itself at Hadersley when Clausen attempted to boost the "new order," and police had to use tear gas to stop the rioting.

Clausen sheltered in a kitchen until a bodyguard arrived to take him out of the town.

In the same town, two Danish farmers approached a German at a restaurant table, seized a knife and cut off his tie, remarking, "We are hundred per cent. Danes."

Sixteen hundred Danish workers at a camp in Surendorf short-circuited the electric lighting and stormed Nazi headquarters, shouting, "Let's exterminate the swine."

A Good Laugh

When a crowd of 150,000 collected in Copenhagen for community singing, a newsvendor gave the capital a good laugh by offering for sale a pro-Nazi journal with the remark, "Eight pages lies and eight pages advertisements."

Danes are answering Goebbels' propaganda by boycotting Nazi-influenced newspapers, and increasing sales of patriotic newspapers by hundreds daily.

Nearly everybody tunes in his radio to B.B.C. broadcasts in Danish, despite threats of dire penalties.

Goebbels' propaganda sheet woefully admits the "disaffection."

The *Nordschleswigsche Zeitung* says:

"The Danes have allowed three-quarters of a year to pass, refusing to take up their rightful place in the 'new order.' They foolishly persist in blaming the invasion date for all misfortunes."

They have reason to do so. They have been wantonly robbed by the grasping "new order."

They have seen their profitable agricultural system, once the envy of the world, plundered by their oppressors.

Pigs and cattle have been sent to Germany.

Nazis deny them fodder.

By one edict alone Copenhagen authorities were forced to order the slaughter of 1,500,000 pigs, 250,000 head of cattle, 7,000,000 hens.

Nearly all went to Germany.

And Nazis paid in worthless paper!

Vanished Produce

Denmark was once rich in produce.

One-third of her population made a living out of the earth.

Now, what galls everyone, more even than rationing of bread, sugar, fats, coffee and soap, is that the allowance is smaller than Germans receive in Germany.

Nazis inspect Danish farms, demand that a large proportion be sent to Germany.

They blame the British blockade, and the 60 per cent. of the Danish merchant navy that joined Britain.

But Danes know better.

They cold-shoulder the "new order."

"God Save the King" is whistled when Nazi troops pass, so that they must march to it.

And a nation in bondage looks across the Channel to London where a Danish council is working for the union of all Danes.

WAR TOSSES CHARITY IN THE MELTING POT

● I SAW FOR MYSELF—continuing his tour of wartime Britain, MAURICE FAGENCE tracks a revolution to a hospital where strange things have happened in the name of charity.

I STOOD in a great hospital the other day. People torn by bombs lay side by side with victims of traffic wheels and steep, ill-lit staircases.

"How you maintain this magnificent work I can't imagine," I said to the Appeals Secretary.

"You are doing more than before the war, and you are doing it better.

"Critics of the voluntary system—and I have always been one—will have to think again."

He smiled.

"No" he said. "Having fought tooth and nail against State control of hospitals, I must now think again.

"In the last eighteen months we have been fitted into a State service.

"Consequently, we are getting State assistance. We couldn't have managed without.

"We are now part of a machine for looking after civilians.

"And the scheme is successful—so successful that we shall never pass completely out of State hands again."

It was my turn to smile.

"So you were wrong?" I said.

"No," he replied. "We were both wrong. Charity is in the melting-pot.

"In future the care of the sick, the poor and the unfortunate will be the duty of the State, but not in such a way as to make a single voluntary helper or donation superfluous.

"Voluntary help is going to be the corollary of State help.

"See what I mean by spreading your enquiries over the whole field of charitable endeavour."

* * *

WELL, I have made enquiries lasting days. And without doubt he is right.

The revolution of which he spoke has been accomplished.

When war started every institution dependent on public subscriptions was endangered.

Many were bankrupt or near bankrupt. Most had increasing responsibilities.

There were appeals for Spitfire Funds, Lord Mayors' Funds, War Loans, and increased taxation.

How could they hope to survive?

Well, the old-fashioned charities, the charities of Charles Dickens' day, are in a bad way.

Rightly or wrongly, the public increasingly takes the view that the State or the local authorities have already made themselves responsible for the aged, the orphaned, and the infirm.

What might be called the newer institutions, especially those devoted to youth movements, community life, and improving rural and suburban amenities, are booming.

Such institutions are considered by the Government to be useful parts of the war machine.

For them there is State help.

The Ministry of Health has taken a good look at charities.

It has not been unkind enough to condemn any to death, although some must die.

But it *has* said: "Certain institutions must not be allowed to die.

"There is nobody else to do their work."

So these institutions have been harnessed to the national effort.

They heal the wounded and the sick. They bring into the world the babies of evacuated mothers.

They teach the housewives of the country how to cook with the materials most readily available in war time.

They house homeless, garner crops, augment A.R.P. services.

In "blitzed" towns and cities they have fed and cared for the homeless before the heavier machinery of Officialdom could move.

They salve old iron, run community kitchens and knitting circles, organise Youth, and advise the public about the ten thousand new problems weighing on private citizens in war time.

The Government did not officially recognise voluntary workers until the war started.

To-day, it has recruited millions.

By far the biggest part of the civilian war effort is in the hands of voluntary organisations.

The Government helps their work financially.

It controls or helps to control their work.

It is unlikely that it will ever surrender any appreciable measure of the control it has gained.

* * *

"YES the voluntary system as we used to know it is dead," I was told by a national organiser of social services.

"From this point on, the State is bound more and more to adopt responsibility for all in need of help.

"But on the outside fringe of all State help there must always be injustice and hardship.

"Whatever it gives to the aged, it must always be too little for many.

"Whatever it gives to the widows, some must be left ten times worse off than others.

"The State cannot help being inelastic.

"So voluntary effort — so-called Charity, if you like, will be wanted just as much as ever before to provide the elasticity.

"In the New Britain that is coming the State will take over its real duty at long last

"But the voluntary system will be its partner."

DESERT CHIEF OF FREE FRANCE

By Victor Schiff

Men of the French North African Empire are whispering, "Catroux is coming nearer"

WHEN the defeat of Hitler liberates France, the tall figure of General de Gaulle will stride into a pre-selected niche among the great men who have stepped forward to lead France gloriously in times of crisis.

But he will not be alone, and among the heroes who will share his glory will be an elderly soldier, a man whose large, far-seeing eyes and leathery features speak of years beneath a tropic sun—the Free Frenchman now helping Sir Archibald Wavell in his magnificent desert campaign.

Precise, a brilliant strategist, a young man despite his age, Georges Catroux may play as great a part as de Gaulle in the liberated France of to-morrow.

These men, meeting in the heart of Africa, agreed to a "distribution of work" for the common cause that best suits their talents and desires.

When de Gaulle sounded his rallying call to all Frenchmen who intended to carry on the fight on Britain's side, Catroux was 5,000 miles away in Hanoi, capital of French Indo-China.

He had been Governor of this richest—and, from a military point of view, most powerful—part of the French empire since he had retired.

The inexorable superannuation law of the French Army had placed General Catroux on the retirement list when he reached the age of sixty-two in 1939.

At that time he was in command of the Army Corps of Algiers after a brilliant military career in North Africa.

M. Georges Mandel, then Minister of Colonies, thought it a pity that this man, who seemed ten years younger than his real age, should be idle when France was suffering through not having an abundance of such men.

Catroux combined the qualities of military leader, diplomat and colonial administrator, as he had proved time and again when pacifying restive parts of Morocco.

When France surrendered, Catroux assured the British military chief in Singapore that he would remain faithful to the alliance with Britain, and particularly to the Franco-British military and naval agreement on the Far East.

* * *

THE men of Bordeaux, who have since become the men of Vichy, tried to arrest him.

"I might have taken up the fight," he told me when I saw him in London later, "for there was a number of officers and civil servants who sided with me.

"But there were also many others, who, for various reasons, would have been prepared to obey whatever orders they received from Vichy.

"And the Fleet in Indo-China was under the command of Admiral Decoux, who coveted my post and was eager to obey Vichy's puppets.

"To resist would have meant civil war in Indo-China, and Japan was waiting, eager to land troops in the colony on the slightest pretext.

"I had no alternative but to escape to Singapore so that I could join General de Gaulle in London."

By the time Catroux arrived in London after a momentous journey by way of India, South Africa and Gibraltar, General de Gaulle had left for Equatorial Africa.

The dramatic interview between the two Free French Generals (in which the much older by age and rank accepted the leadership of the younger) took place in the home of the Negro Governor Eboue at Fort Lamy, the "capital" of the Chad Territory.

It was agreed that de Gaulle should return to London to act as the Leader of all Free Frenchmen, while Catroux took command of all Free French Forces in the Middle-East.

* * *

SO far only a few thousand Frenchmen, mostly "deserters," had collected under the command of Sir Archibald Wavell, but the appearance of Catroux in Egypt had a magnetic effect on all French forces in Syria.

That is why French units, often the spearheads of Wavell's army, have figured in Allied victories in Africa.

And the voice of General Georges Catroux, sounding across the ether from his Headquarters in Cairo, has proclaimed in magnificent style the feats of his Free Frenchmen in North Africa.

This French share of glory is not limited to North Africa.

Other units of Catroux are now advancing into Eritrea, while camel-riders from the Chad have even crossed hundreds of miles of Sahara desert and taken by surprise an Italian oasis base in the South of Tripoli.

The men of Vichy described de Gaulle as an ambitious adventurer, megalomaniac, but everybody in France knows how much Catroux has done for France in Morocco.

If he were called an adventurer and a deserter every French officer would laugh.

That is why Vichy has not dared to deprive Catroux of his nationality.

While Allied Forces are gradually nearing Tunisia, French officers and soldiers, foreign legionaries and colonists, Moslems of desert and oasis all over the French North African Empire are whispering to each other:

"Catroux is coming nearer . . . Catroux is with the British, who will save Tunisia for France."

This is the man who says he made a mistake when he backed Hitler. But he may be bluffing.

Europe's Man of Mystery

EUROPE'S No. 1 mystery man is Fritz Thyssen, German industrialist, benefactor of the Nazi party, patron of the young Hitler, now a self-confessed renegade, pretending to hate his former associates yet suspected of Fifth Column activities in France.

Soon after the outbreak of war, Thyssen appeared in Switzerland.

He said he had quarrelled with Hitler.

He told newspaper reporters that he fled from the Third Reich because he was in danger of being arrested. He had been held in opposing Germany's attack on Poland.

He was so violently anti-Nazi that he was allowed to enter France.

After a short visit to the United States he pretended to go into retirement to write a book.

His reminiscences, soon to be published in the United States, are advertised as being the inside story of the Nazi régime by the "man behind Hitler."

Astute observers, still believing that Thyssen has Nazi sympathies, assert that this book will merely be subtle propaganda.

Factories Escaped

When Thyssen went from Switzerland to France he was always seen in the company of French industrialists who had factories on the Rhine.

These factories were never bombarded by the German guns, and it is suggested that Thyssen appeared in France to help in negotiating the surrender.

They wonder why it was that Thyssen returned to France after his visit to the United States, when he had declared himself in danger from "Gestapo" agents.

Few other men have lived so long after publicly denouncing the Fuehrer.

Yet Thyssen has been allowed to live quietly on the Riviera for nearly a year now, apparently writing his book while the authorities kept announcing that he was in the United States.

Vichy Government officials declare that Thyssen has now been arrested to "determine his present status," which means that they want to discover whether he is a friend of the Nazis after all.

They are realising too late the pernicious influence that Thyssen has had on European politics in the last twenty years.

More than any other man, he is responsible for Hitler's present position.

Birds of a Feather!

It was no accident that he should finance the Nazi party in the beginning.

Hitler, when admitted to the Munich German Workers' Party—forerunner of the National Socialist Party—was looking for financial backing.

Thyssen, then in his early thirties, was most powerful among the German heavy industrialists by reason of the fortune left him by his father.

He was looking for an unscrupulous politician.

Hitler had served as an industrial spy.

And he had already won the support of Reichswehr officers in Munich for "informing" about workers' activities when Roehm, first chief of staff of the brown-shirted Storm Troopers, introduced him to Thyssen.

The insignificant black-moustached little man in the shabby raincoat, his nervous hands running in and out of his pockets, was prepared to meet the industrialist.

Roehm told him that Thyssen wanted a man who could rouse the Germans, create an atmosphere favourable for rearmament, hunt down the Socialists and Trade Unionists, and put Thyssen's industries on their feet again.

Hitler had promised quick success.

Eight years and more than ten million marks of Thyssen's money were needed to make Hitler the German Chancellor.

Costly election campaigns, the organisation of a vast private army, tons of propaganda material swallowed a fortune.

Virtual Ruler

But Thyssen reached his goal. He became virtual ruler of Germany.

A member of the Reichstag, he was also a Councillor of State, Leader of German Heavy Industry, the power behind Hitler.

There was trouble when Hitler began to favour the Socialist clique of the Party, and Thyssen and his Reichswehr friends were strong enough to make Hitler toe the line.

The result was the bloody purge when Roehm and thousands of other Nazi "left-wingers" were murdered.

Hitler and his Nazi friends were soon strong enough to force their way into the holy precincts of German heavy industry.

Thyssen accepted a Nazi thug, Terbhoven, an ex-metal worker, as co-director of his vast combine.

Other industrialists followed.

Yet, united in their purpose of running Germany, Hitler and Thyssen remained friends.

It did not outwardly disturb their friendship when Himmler arrested Thyssen's son-in-law.

Hitler graciously complied with Thyssen's wish and ordered his release from the concentration camp.

Quick and Cruel

But Himmler, quick and cruel as ever, saw to it that the order should release only a dead man.

Thyssen's son-in-law was murdered.

His castle, Puschl, became Ribbentrop's hide-out.

Now the Thyssen mystery hinges on the question whether Thyssen told the truth when he insisted that he could not forgive the Nazis for the murder.

When he appeared in Switzerland he seemed sincerely anti-Nazi, yet the British Government refused him permission to visit Britain.

Was Thyssen still acting on Hitler's orders?

Had he been sent to France as Hitler's leading Fifth Columnist?

Was he the man to whom Laval and his friends sold France?

It would not have been difficult for Hitler to secure Thyssen's extradition from the unoccupied zone to Paris after the collapse. It has happened with many other anti-Hitler Germans.

Maybe Pétain, now realising the part Thyssen has played in war time France, wants to bring him to justice. Will Thyssen be freed (as Laval was freed) on Hitler's orders?

Meantime, Thyssen may be preparing to attempt the same Fifth Column work in the United States.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

SCHOOL for DODGERS

FORTHRIGHT as ever, Mr. Ernest Bevin has assured us that every able-bodied man who can be spared from industry will be in uniform before the end of the year.

Such determination is definitely encouraging, especially when the vigour with which the Ministry of Labour has absorbed men of more than thirty, drafting them into the Services at top speed, has been an inspiration in Government Department efficiency.

Even revisions in the schedule of reserved occupations have been made with commendable deftness.

Yet this campaign to mobilise the country's man-power will not receive the full praise that it deserves until Mr. Bevin's Department makes further efforts to prevent Army dodgers from escaping its drag-net.

Thousands of young men who have been found funk-holes in reserved occupations will gradually be absorbed into the Services.

Bringing Them In

But only careful legislation will bring in the youngsters who are dodging in the name of conscience. This is not the time to debate about conscientious objection.

Sufficient is it to say that Britain is fighting for the personal liberty that allows a man to form his own opinions in these matters.

We are gradually vanquishing a system that is opposed to any man having his own thoughts.

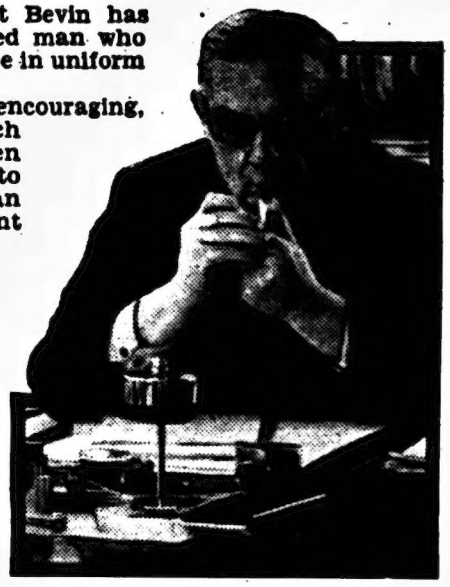
As far as official opinion is concerned, a man objecting conscientiously with a deep-down hatred of violence to taking part in any war effort, is entitled to remain in civilian clothes—a mere looker-on.

That's Britain's way of doing these things. Yet I cannot help doubting the motives that caused many of the 50,000 youngsters, who have applied for exemption from military service, to see'x expert tuition in answering the questions of Tribunal judges.

If prompted only by conscience, you'd think they would have no difficulty in stating their case.

Yet leaflets distributed by members of the Peace Pledge Union, who have picketed employment exchanges, advise various age groups called for registration how they can dodge military service.

The Peace Pledge Union has organised groups throughout the country in an effort to mass-produce conscientious objectors.



Mr. Bevin's department must scrutinise the motives of many conscientious objectors with greater care

It has organised "mock tribunals" at which young men have been coached in the answers they must make to cross-examination at the official tribunal.

Two Million Leaflets

The General Secretary has admitted that two million leaflets have been distributed by the Peace Pledge Union, and Mr. Richard L. Bishop, chairman of the Union in Wales, giving evidence at a Liverpool Court Martial, said:

"Conscientious Objectors are sometimes advised by the Peace Pledge Union to join up, and they refuse to obey orders."

This organisation offers an inducement to some would-be conscientious objectors.

Advertising a hostel opened by its members at Edgbaston, Birmingham, the "Peace News" (its official mouthpiece) adds:

"There are vacancies for five young conscientious objectors, and the charges are according to need—from nothing to twenty-five shillings a week."

Another organisation that seems to be interested in encouraging youngsters to dodge Army service is the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, known in this country as "Jehovah's Witnesses." American "Judge" Rutherford, controller of this huge book and tract selling concern, which has agents in every town in the country, has already received a set-back in the Antipodes

The Australians declared it illegal; New Zealand's Government found it "to be a subversive organisation," and prohibited all its activities.

Yet "Jehovah's Witnesses," usually pale young men, continue to tour country districts on Sundays, calling at cottage doors to sell their tracts.

Jehovah's Witnesses

Most persons must have met followers of the American judge's sect. They invariably introduce themselves as Witnesses of Jehovah, and, after being rebuffed, walk sadly away, saying, "What, not interested in the word of Jehovah."

These young men are often first-class salesmen, and often spread propaganda that is not strictly concerned with things spiritual

One young man, claiming military exemption as a minister of religion, proved on investigation by the Halifax Tribunal to be merely a salesman of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society.

Another young man, giving the same excuse, was also earning good wages as a munitions worker.

The recent increase in the number of Jehovah's Witnesses in this country can be put down only to the belief that salesmen of this tract society's literature will exempt them from military service.

Meantime, Judge C. J. Frankland, of the Manchester Conscientious Objectors' Tribunal, has said:

"I want to say publicly with all the force I possess that there is grave doubt in my mind about the bona fides of the organisation and the people it employs."

A few days later he added:

"Jehovah's Witnesses in this country are poor English dupes of an American organisation.

"The curse of their business is that if they cannot sell their books, they have no interest in either religion or souls."

Despite this learned opinion, such organisations as the Peace Pledge Union and the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society continue to influence young men who are willing to develop "consciences."

No Time Limit

Twelve thousand objectors have been given exemption by tribunals on condition that they accepted work of national importance. But there is no indication that any of these men has been given a time limit in which he must find such employment.

Meantime, I suggest that when such youngsters find work of national importance they should receive only a soldier's pay.

And the organisations now busily helping the young men to dodge their obligations, without even being prompted by a conscience, should receive the same treatment as other subversive undertakings.

ROGUES ENLIST CHILDREN

SCHOOL children have been unwittingly enlisted by persons who are now collecting "valuable waste" in the name of the Government, yet using the proceeds of the sales for their own benefit.

Children have been given printed forms on leaving school at midday, urging parents to send youngsters back with bundles of rags, wool and waste of all kinds.

Parents naturally believe that the forms have been issued by educational authorities, and give their children anything that they can spare.

These bundles are delivered to the rogues waiting at the school gates.

Instead of the "waste" being sold to help only the Government, it is utilised to benefit the men who have organised this local compaign.

Slick salesmen can make good money these days selling silk remnants, rags, wool and other soft materials.

And as long as they get hold of the stuff by such false pretences, they are doing harm to reputable concerns organised to collect for the Government.

So don't be misled by official-sounding leaflets.

* * *

FOR several years my attacks on Moses Herman, unscrupulous moneylender and former owner of slum-property, were so persistent that he had to leave Sunderland, and set up a business in Ireland.

Now he has been sentenced at the Belfast Recorder's Court to three months imprisonment for false pretences. He was also fined £100 for a moneylending offence.

He had been trading in Belfast as A. KANE, Ltd., a private company he formed on his arrival in Belfast.

I doubt whether the taste of prison or the fine will make him change his business methods, but it might help in teaching him to respect the law.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

"The Watcher, Essex," is the pseudonym of the reader who receives this week's Guinea. For reasons that I appreciate, he does not want his name published, but he lives at Canvey, and has written to me about several subjects of interest to my investigators.

I welcome letters from readers and, whenever possible, will help either by publicity or advice through the post.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

They Go to Golf in Army Cars!

FOUR soldiers stopped a motorist who was driving through the black-out to his home in a London suburb. Their Army truck had run a big end. Could he help them?

Would he be so good as to drive them out to their camp eight miles beyond the suburb in which he lived. Then they could make a report.

The motorist explained that he would be only too willing to help, but the tank of his biggish car was nearly empty. He couldn't buy petrol at that time of night, and he had few coupons left.

No need to worry about petrol, said the soldiers.

They promised to see he was repaid. So he took two of them to their camp, leaving two to watch the truck.

* * *

On the way out the soldiers explained that they had travelled across London to see an ice-hockey match.

After they had reported the breakdown they filled the motorist's petrol tank—it held ten gallons—to the brim.

When he demurred they patted his shoulder, and said: "There's plenty more where that came from."

That motorist, who had a job to make out on his petrol allowance, drove home thoughtfully.

Many months had elapsed since he had been able to drive thirty miles across London only to see an ice-hockey match.

But I wasn't surprised.

You can rarely pass a famous golf club on the outskirts of South London without seeing at least half a dozen Army cars, trucks and tenders parked there.

Soldiers drive over the Downs when they feel like a game of golf.

I have seen a light truck tear over the soft grass of an historic racecourse, stop at an isolated pillar-box a mile from the camp while a soldier deposits a letter, then dash back again.

* * *

I have a letter here from an Army driver who regularly travels twelve miles so that a lieutenant may have his hair cut by a barber in a county town.

No village hairdressing for him.

A sergeant drove an officer to a pheasant shoot.

"There were twelve Army cars at the 'shoot,'" he said, "and after a pleasant day chasing around the countryside, I got back to the camp without having been allowed time for a meal. We travelled forty miles."

Another driver has written to me saying how he objects to driving an officer and his fiancée from a garrison town to London and back for a day's shopping. They cover a hundred miles.

While the civilian motorist must think twice before taking out his car, the Army seems to delight in wasting the life-blood of the mechanised force.

It is as important for the military to conserve its petrol as it is for the civilian, who guards his coupons as though they were printed on gold leaf.

Sweeping into the dawn from the deck of an aircraft carrier, a fighter-plane of the Fleet Air Arm sets off on its routine reconnaissance flight, eager to do battle with any enemy aircraft out on a similar errand

NAVY'S WASPS CAN STING!

THE new fighters, men and machines, are flowing into the British Navy's Fleet Air Arm so swiftly now that aircraft that was considered "tops" among sailors with wings three months ago is now thought to be old fashioned as far as speed and armaments are concerned.

In a hangar at the ship-named shore station, Somewhere in Britain, where the Navy trains its fighter pilots, the commanding officer proudly exhibited a Martlet, single-seater American-built fighter that recently claimed its first Junker dive-bomber.

"Lovely to fly, like nearly all Americans," he said.

Its guns are not so numerous as the Spitfire's, but individually they are more powerful. This pocket-edition fighter is compact, even without folding wings.

Like other new types, the Martlet outpaces the eight-gun Fairey Fulmar, which only three months ago was hailed as the Navy's finest fighter.

It is thought vastly superior to the Blackburn Roc, which six months back enjoyed the same distinction.

When questioned about those aircraft of last summer and autumn, the "C.O." commented: "The Fulmar's good, but look at it against the newer types.

"The Roc? . . . well, that's already obsolescent!"

Yet six months ago . . .

The Fighting C.O.

That the new mind is at work on up-to-the-minute instruction for novice pilots is obvious when you learn that the "C.O." himself fought over the North Sea and the Dunkirk beaches.

And his eyes sparkled as he watched a "dog-fight" between fighters equipped only with cine-camera-guns.

Two sections manœuvred high in silent combat, and, as each pilot got an opponent in his "sight" he pressed the button that should operate his machine-guns.

Instead, it started the cine-camera-gun, and the photographs he took provided a check on the accuracy of his aim.

In actual combat a pilot operates gun and camera. The first burst of bullets automatically sets the cine-camera working.

On landing, those pilots went to the lecture-room to study models of varied German aircraft, in which tiny lights represented gun positions.

Object was to show fighter pupils how to avoid sliding into the enemy gunner's "sight."

Other novices still roared their Martlets, Fulmars, Rocs and Gladiators over the five hundred acres of the training school.

One section was engaged in dummy attacks on target aircraft.

Another was making practice deck landing on boards arranged on the runway to represent the deck of an aircraft-carrier.

Loud-Speaker Commands

The daily routine is ordered by means of loudspeakers, controlled from alternative centres, and linked with every post in the five hundred acres.

Through the loudspeakers the Quartermaster piped the station to lunch.

As I sat in the wardroom—they are naval terms only in this land-ship—a messenger brought the "C.O." a telegram:

"Gladiator forced landing field one mile east of ——"

Soon after I learned the sequel.

A young pilot was ushered into an office for cross-examination.

"Engine failure?

"Do you know why?

"Did you lose your leader?

"When and how did you land?"

The pilot explained that he came down in a field with tall trees on three sides of it, without injury to himself or damage to his aircraft, which was able to be flown back.

It might have been an instance for caution.

Actually it called for congratulation.

Each pupil fighter has a cabin, a spacious and well-furnished bed-sitting room with running hot and cold water, radiator, easy chair, polished floor.

He may even kennel his dog there, as long as it keeps up the tradition of the *Silent* Service.

The fighter pupil, already a fully fledged pilot, does intensive flying on the type of machine he will use in actual combat.

One of them described his pilgrimage through the previous months of his training.

His story will help others who want to enter the Fleet Air Arm:

"My age is twenty," he said, "dead centre between the minimum and maximum limits of eighteen and twenty-two.

"As an Admiralty Selection Board found my education up to the required School Certificate standard and my physique good, I became a direct entry into the Service, and signed on for Hostilities Only.

"First, I went to a shore station to spend several weeks, learning parade ground work, seamanship, signalling, general naval subjects, and qualifying as an Acting Leading Airman.

"From there I was appointed to an Elementary Training School, where I started flying in elementary types of aircraft.

"Before leaving I was checked and assessed by an Examining Officer.

"At another station I did intermediate and advanced training and a course of armament work.

Got His Wings

"After the advanced course I was given my wings and received my commission. We become either midshipmen or sub-lieutenants, or, failing to qualify for a commission, petty officer airmen.

"All this time we were trained by R.A.F. personnel, with a senior naval officer attached to watch our naval interests.

"After a week's leave I spent a fortnight at a Royal Naval College.

"From then I have been under full naval administration.

"At the College they gave me courses on discipline, morale, duties of officers of the watch, King's Regulations, and a brief review of naval history.

"After that, as they selected me during my intermediate training to be a fighter pilot, well—here we are. . . ."

And what next?

"Oh, if the 'C.O.' passes me I go aboard an aircraft-carrier for deck-landing practice, and then I am the goods—ready to be posted to an operational squadron.

"I'll be just in time to catch the 'bus for the Invasion!"

Where'd You Get That Boche?

A famous racing pilot, whose name cannot be divulged because he is employed on secret work for the R.A.F., describes the methods employed by R.A.F. "Intelligence" officers to discover all that is to be known about the *Luftwaffe*.

WHEN the fighter-pilot steps out of his cockpit, having helped to smash another baby-killing raid, the quiet figure of "Intelligence" appears.

"Had a good time?" he enquires, with the gentleness of the dove and the wile of the serpent.

And, by methods of painless extraction, he learns the number of "kills," checks and counter-checks them (and won't tell R.A.F. publicity about any except double-dyed certainties), gleans scraps of information about enemy aircraft, armaments and peculiarities, objectives and reactions.

No wigged and gowned counsel was ever so persistent.

Actually, at least one famous barrister is now an R.A.F. Intelligence officer.

Bomber crews describe how their engines behaved, how their predecessors "lighted the route" with incendiaries;

Precisely what the "flak" looked like, smelt like, tasted like;

How many new guns there were at "X" and how many fewer at "Y";

How Jerry was getting on with his night-flying;

What such and such a town looked like when the big crate flew high over it; and so on to the moment of attack.

And the target. How many bombs landed? What were the results?

Who checked them?

Always that everlasting refrain—who checked them?

* * *

Germans can sink *Ark Royal* three times a day and leave her floating, but when *we* hit a ship we have to bring Neptune and all his daughters to take their affidavits that it has gone below, while Davy Jones testifies in person that it is in his locker.

And you half expect "Intelligence" to ask dreamily, "Did you photograph the interior of Mr. Jones's locker?"

Before the *Luftwaffe* flung its might against our aerodromes, "Intelligence" had cross-questioned many captured Germans about their plans.

Among the drawbacks to a terror-system such as Nazidom there are always men who, once they are out of arm's reach, will talk with the nervous freedom that follows years of frightened silence.

Nazis talked, and the R.A.F. prepared for the day when 185 German aircraft were shot down.

Who checked them?

There were cross-checks enough even for "Intelligence."

The total was more than 200, but independent checking, on that busy day, was not always possible.

* * *

Pilots from some of those battered Nazi machines talked freely.

"Intelligence" was kind, sympathetic, gently humorous.

"Intelligence" discovered why a Messerschmitt fighter of the Yellow Nose Circus had its yellow nose painted black.

He was shot down. The pilot, who landed safely on the end of his brolly, was peeved. He had been disgraced.

The Nazis had painted out his insignia because he had been reported by a Gestapo "passenger" for dodging a fight. He was told to retrieve his reputation.

Meantime, he was given the black paint of disgrace.

Interrogating a Gestapo man who was taken from a grounded Nazi bomber, "Intelligence" learned that young pilots with only 50 hours' solo experience were watched by informers in other machines, who recommend black marks for anyone they think is shying off the job.

* * *

"Intelligence" had a pleasant moment a week or two ago when a Baron von Werra was shot down, collected—and "checked."

Now, the Baron had broadcast on the *Deutschlandsender* wavelength, describing how he had shot down five Spitfires over London in one fight.

And the Nazis gave him the Iron Cross First Class—for the broadcast, I suppose.

Then the Baron landed in London, and "Intelligence" had a lot of questions to ask.

The Baron replied with a whole paragraph all in one word, in pure Aryan German.

A. G. GARDINER tells how our Mediterranean successes have affected the critical Atlan

HITLER'S BIG SET-BACK

THERE is one hour in the week that I await with unfailing eagerness. It is one o'clock on Tuesday. Then the broadcast announces the latest figures of our shipping losses at sea. It is the barometer of the war.

For, boiled down to its barest terms, this is a war for the mastery of the Atlantic. If we keep that mastery we cannot lose. If Hitler gains that mastery, we cannot win.

Everything that happens in every theatre of the war must be seen in its bearings upon this capital consideration. The war in the air over this island, the bombing of the German ports and arsenals, the collapse of Italy in Albania, in Eritrea, in Libya, events in the United States, in France, even in far Japan—all are subsidiary to the battle for the Atlantic.

Truly seen, each is a phase of that battle, just as every move on the chess-board is a phase in the struggle to capture the rival King. The Atlantic is our King.

Looking at the events in this light there is much to encourage us. I might put it higher, but it is wise to err on the side of caution.

Take the salient facts. Hitler in this war, like the Kaiser in the last war, knew that the crucial theatre was the Atlantic. The Kaiser sought to match sea-power with sea-power. He failed, and, in failing, lost the war.

Hitler had to adopt a different strategy. He had no navy, and was in too urgent a hurry to be able to build one.

MOREOVER, a great navy cannot be built in secret, and the knowledge that he was setting out to challenge our sea-power would have roused even the MacDonald-Baldwin-Chamberlain Governments out of their fatal slumbers.

His strategy was to command the sea from the air. He believed that by constructing in secret an overwhelming air power, he could (aided by his submarines and mines) so straddle our Navy as to close the narrow seas and the Atlantic so effectually against us as to make naval supremacy obsolete.

That calculation is disposed of. Whatever else is in doubt, our naval power is not. The challenge from the air has failed to knock out the Navy as completely as it has failed to terrorise our merchantmen or our people.

The battleship, the cruiser and the destroyer still hold the seas. We have been at war eighteen months, and our naval supremacy is more decisive than it was at the beginning.

It would be still more decisive but for the collapse of France, which threw on our Fleet, not only the task of keeping the seas of the world, but all the immense responsibilities of the Mediterranean. If we had lost our grip on the Mediterranean, as we well might, our control of the Atlantic would have been gravely imperilled and our position in the Near East would have been black indeed.

But we have not lost our grip on the Mediterranean. On the contrary, it is precisely in the Mediterranean that the fortunes of the war have turned to our advantage with the most dramatic consequences.

Admiral Cunningham proved he had the Nelson touch when it came to keeping the Mediterranean as a British waterway

WHEN France went out of the war on our side and Mussolini came into the war on Hitler's side, it seemed (to the Fuehrer) all Lombard Street to a China orange that the Mediterranean was his.

All anxiety was over in that theatre. He could turn, now, with unobstructed purpose, to the conquest of this island and the control of the Atlantic. He could leave his jackal to mop up any little outstanding difficulties in the Mediterranean.

And lo! the whole fabric of his strategy has collapsed into the Mediterranean. The world has looked on at a spectacle unexampled in the records of war.

It has seen the wretched braggart, Mussolini, chased like a Derby dog, yelping under the hooves of all and sundry. It has seen his thunders and boastings blown to the winds—his ships at the bottom of the sea or hiding in port, his armies scattered like chaff before the gale, his aerial navies a cock-shy for the foe.

Instead of an asset, Italy has become a desperate liability to Hitler. Instead of the Mediterranean being secure, it has become a gaping wound in his structure. Instead of concentrating all his forces on the one enemy that matters, he has to divert his strength southward to save, not Mussolini, but himself.

If he could recall last June in the light of to-day, what would he not give to keep Mussolini out of the war? He was valuable while he sat on the fence and hoodwinked the enemy. As an active ally, he has turned out to be a blessing to us and a curse to Hitler.

It is not only the military consequences that are disastrous. The moral consequences—those imponderables of war—are no less so.

The boasted invincibility of the Axis is gone. Indeed, the Axis itself has gone. And Hitler's scheme of things has gone. He has lost the initiative. He does not govern events. He has to meet events that were unlooked for by expedients unarranged for.

And, most important of all perhaps, consider the moral effect in the lands that Hitler has outraged and desolated, in Norway, in Poland, in Holland, in France—everywhere. One dictator is knocked out. Why not the other?

In this overthrow of the sawdust Cæsar the part played by heroic Greece will never be forgotten. It was her sword that first pricked the bubble of the bully. It was her courage that shamed a craven and panic-stricken Europe.

And another factor in this amazing transformation was the far-sighted genius that inspired the bold risk we took in the Mediterranean when France fell out of the war. That, with the enemy battering at our gates and bombing our cities, we should have ventured to pile up, thousands of miles away, the resources that have enabled General Wavell to win his astounding victories in Libya, will remain one of the most daring and triumphant decisions in the history of war.

BUT—and this brings me back to my Atlantic theme—all this would have been unavailing but for one thing. It was the sea power of Britain that made possible the glorious deeds that have lifted the peril in the Mediterranean and changed the whole landscape of the war. It is the British Navy that has upset Hitler's scheme and compelled him to fight on two fronts.

The risk we took in detaching so large a part of our Fleet for the defence of the Mediterranean was great. The results have magnificently justified the risk.

But the risk was not taken without loss. It has weakened our resources for com-

Atlantic battle and achieved

bating the enemy in the vital field of the Atlantic.

To this fact, coupled with the extension of the German sea bases to the Bay of Biscay, we must attribute the high level of shipping losses. Since France went out of the war the weekly toll of tonnage lost has averaged 77,000. There has been a welcome fall from this high average during the past two months.

But we dare not assume that the worst is over. Hitler must make one desperate "all-out" gamble for victory, and he will make it soon. Despite his necessities in the Mediterranean, he will hazard all the terror that he has—in the air, on the land, on the sea, under the sea—in order to destroy us in our one vulnerable spot. He must win the Battle of the Atlantic (which includes the narrow seas) or lose the war.

NO one knows what is at stake in that battle better than Mr. Churchill, and no one knows so well how to marshal every available resource to meet the challenge. It is for us who trust his leadership to be prepared to risk all in this final struggle of barbarism and civilisation for the possession of the earth.

And if America desires to act, **NOW** is the hour. The issue of the Battle of the Atlantic is as fateful to her as to us. It is in her power to help to decide that issue. But she must not delay.

Swaffer Lifts the Lid

WHY NOT RATION THE HOTELS?

● I remember in the last war having to go round with a food card from which a small piece was cut when I wanted a portion of meat.

Now, although meat is carefully rationed in shops, there seems to be little or no check on its supply to hotels and restaurants.

At the butcher's, you can buy only 1s. 2d. worth in a week, but it has been easy to obtain that amount of meat in a fashionable restaurant for one mea..

The Minister of Food may have reasons for this.

He may argue that the amount of food eaten in such places is only a small proportion of the national consumption.

When a man I know gave a birthday party a few weeks ago, he telephoned a friend, an hotel director, asking him to send down some meat.

It arrived shortly afterwards in wild profusion.

"But none of this meat is rationed," he explained.

WHY SO MANY REFUGEE FUNDS?

● People complain that the number of committees, movements, funds, organisations and centres created to help refugees in this country is far too large, that much time, money and overlapping could be avoided if they were consolidated.

People who talk like that do not understand the charity system.

Unification would stop the capacity of the vampires now living on charity. They start funds merely to give themselves a livelihood.

But people don't realise yet that not nearly so much money could be raised unless all sorts of people collected for all kinds of refugees, in all manners of ways.

That is the voluntary system.

It is wasteful.

I think it stupid.

It gives the genuine something to do, and the greedy something to exploit.

Besides, *you don't have to give.*

WHY NOT ONE GOVERNMENT SPOKESMAN?

● There is no co-ordination in statements made by members of the Government.

People complain that "bits and pieces" of all kinds are coming from the mouths of various Ministers, often speaking out of their own provinces.

There is a feeling that it would be better to have regular weekly statements on policy and progress from one official spokesman.

Yet it is much better that we should have contradictory statements by all sorts of Ministers than the sort of thing we had when they were all saying the same thing

Don't you remember that when Hitler invaded Norway, Ministers, one and all, screamed that the Norway adventure would be to him what the Peninsula Campaign was to Napoleon?

I dread a return to those days!

No, let Ministers do their little yaps. We can judge their speeches by their performance.

WHY BELIEVE THE ECONOMISTS?

● Before the last war it was proved by economists that there could not be a war because no one could afford it.

Then it started.

Not long ago, even J. M. Keynes declared that we should have to have compulsory saving, and seemed to prove it.

Then Sir Robert Kindersley raised more in a year by voluntary saving than the famous economist thought we could raise by his compulsory method!

From the beginning of time, "experts" have disagreed on every "expert" subject.

You summon them as witnesses in the Law Courts, on one side or the other, and you can always get a famous "expert" contradicted by another equally famous.

History has a way of making all experts wrong.

History, unlike the experts, knows the facts.

WHY NOT HELP THE HARD-HIT TOWNS?

● Except in the West, most seaside towns are either closed to visitors or too doleful to attract them.

But I do not see what more can be done in the midst of a great war.

The Government's measures for insurance and relief after enemy action are generous and costly.

Inequalities, caused through living in a hard-hit town, might have been remedied, but only by paying us all in subsistence and shelter.

That is all that we are entitled to in war time.

If it had been done when invasion was first threatened, there would have been no fuss about it.

Seaside towns, now bankrupt, ask for help from elsewhere, but they must remember that they are the towns that objected, like billyho, to equalisation of rates when the mining areas wanted relief years ago.

They were then high and mighty. Now, they are different.

We Eat to Live in These Days

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

SOME of my earliest memories are of food—light, golden Yorkshire pudding, rich apple pies, freshly picked mushrooms stewed in milk, eggs straight from the farm, new potatoes eaten within an hour or two of being taken from the fruitful soil.

Our food at home had no frills.

The only sauce I ever tasted as a boy was a parsley sauce served with the braised cod.

I did not know what a savoury was; our staple sweets were rice pudding and fresh stewed fruit.

There was neither money nor time to pamper me or my brothers. We took it or "lumped it"—and rarely did we "lump it."

* * *

In those far-off days when nobody worried about vitamins or calories, balanced diets, proteins, carbohydrates, glucose or fat contents, most women through sheer good sense brought up families well on about 2s. 6d. a week a head for food.

Bread was baked at home in the old-fashioned coal ranges.

Teacakes, scones, fatty-cakes, pies, tarts, seed cakes, fruit cakes, pasties, came tumbling out of those ovens in rich and appetising confusion.

Cake shops would have been non-existent if all homes had been run as my mother ran ours—and I don't doubt that people would have enjoyed better food.

Gustatory frills were invented to tickle jaded appetites.

I realised that, when I joined the Army and went hungry—so hungry that I used to scrounge the dripping from the tubs outside the cookhouse and enjoy with rare relish bread fried in the fat.

It was only in later years, when a rising income enabled me to enter restaurants barred to me economically in my youth, that I realised the immensity and stupid extravagance of "rich" eating.

Homard cardinal, vol-au-vent, pâté-de-foie-gras Strasbourg aux truffles, moules marinière, pheasant maître d'hôtel (which may mean any of a thousand different ways of serving the game), and other favourite dishes of the gourmet, came my way.

They cost money, because the carpets, the silver, the linen and the sparkling glass cost money.

So did the attentions of the waiters, the commissionaires, the receptionists, the wine waiter.

So did the rents and the rates, and the music and the lights.

And then, of course, there were dividends to be maintained.

* * *

I confess that I have rarely derived pleasure out of eating an expensive meal. For pleasure linked with content is not so easy to obtain as some would have us believe.

Some, with a form of inverted snobbery, decry all rich food, all luxury-eating. They are fools.

For there are times when the heart of man softens and warms under the influence of a choice wine and a meal served in gay surroundings.

But there are many other occasions when the too-assiduous attention of the waiter nauseates; when the whole folly of eating-de-luxe is seen in its true perspective.

How pathetic it seemed that thousands of men and women should labour mentally and physically that the inner man and woman of means might eat exotic dishes!

* * *

Now, happily, though the waiters are there—not so many of them, it is true—and the silver gleams as brightly as ever, and the pile of the carpet is still soft and luxurious, the food problem which used to worry so many idle eaters has solved itself.

Now, happily—for I hated having to choose what to have for breakfast—I have not to ponder the rival merits of eggs, bacon, kidney, liver, tomatoes, sausages.

I take what is set before me, and I'm grateful if a rasher appears on my plate.

The war has simplified our diet. The richness of living has gone. The indecision which used to overwhelm us as we glanced through offensive, overloaded menus has been cut to a minimum.

It is a good reform.

It saves us anxieties; it saves us money and time.

And above all it saves—or should save—our digestions.

To-day we eat to live.

Those who used to live to eat are, I hope, having as thin and hungry a time as they deserve.

Fynnon Salt shifted his Rheumatic Acids

then his Rheumatism vanished

This letter may sound a little extraordinary—but those who are suffering from any trouble akin to rheumatism will sympathise with Mr. M. W's condition. This is his letter:

"I am a 'bus driver and a few years ago I was stricken with rheumatic gout in both feet. I had to take my boots off many a time and walk home without any. I tried everything but nothing ever did me any good. This went on for five or six years until one day one of our men advised me to try FYNNON Salt. I did, and after two tins I felt like a different man and I seemed to be getting better on my feet. I have not felt any effects of it for twelve months now."

Rheumatic troubles of every kind can spring from the presence of rheumatic acids in the system. You must get rid of these acids. The salts of Lithium, Potassium and Sodium in Fynnon shifted our friend the 'bus driver's rheumatic acids—and they will shift yours! Get a tin to-day! Large size tin of Fynnon Salt 1/5. Trial size 7d (inclusive of Purchase Tax).

Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex

TAKE FENNINGS' FEVER CURER and your outlook on life is sure to brighten from the first dose

Don't be worried with Influenza this winter—fight it now by getting Fennings' FEVER CURER 1/3 PER BOTTLE PLUS TAX

FROM YOUR CHEMIST WHO ALSO SELLS FENNINGS' COUGH MIXTURE

The True Importance of SLEEP

SLEEP ROBBERS ARE ACTIVE BUT YOU CAN BEAT THEM!

EVERYONE knows Napoleon's famous dictum that four hours' sleep a night is enough for any man. He claimed that he himself never had more.

His contemporaries have reported that he would sometimes go for days without sleep and then make it up by sleeping for 24 hours—and he could sleep anywhere provided he was in darkness.

Beethoven, Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Wellington, Darwin, Edison and Spencer are examples of other famous men who are said to have managed on three or four hours' sleep a night.

Could we all do the same? What do we know about sleep?

WE know that sleep is more necessary than food. A man can live more than a month without food and recover completely. Ten days without sleep brings death.

Experiments on animals show that if an animal is prevented from sleeping for several days, some of its cells are destroyed beyond repair. If the animal's sleep is merely cut short, the symptoms are the same as if it had been starved or poisoned.

Of course absolute insomnia of that kind never occurs in ordinary life because sleep of a kind comes to people even in the most unfavourable circumstances. Soldiers sleep on the march, just as birds such as the swallow and frigate-bird sleep on the wing. Even in intense pain, people sleep.

ABSOLUTE insomnia is experienced only by people in extraordinary situations. Long-distance flyers, for example, suffer it for a short period and find it their greatest difficulty.

Scientific workers also, when doing research on sleep, have occasionally experienced *absolute* insomnia. They cause themselves to be prevented from sleeping in order to study the effects. They usually behave as though intoxicated, and later become delirious. One of them has reported that he fears a repetition of this "experimental" insomnia worse than any imaginable pain, and fully understands how effective was that ancient torture which consisted of forcibly keeping a person awake.

Even the ordinary wakefulness that we call insomnia, is torture enough. Lord Roseberry, when Prime Minister in 1895, never got more than 4 hours' sleep and it was his fear of suffering again in this way that prevented him from returning to office.

"I have an absolute conviction," he wrote in 1903, "that were I to return to office, I should once more be sleepless. I cannot forget 1895."

WHAT was the difference between Lord Roseberry and the other famous men who have maintained invincible energy on similar short rations of sleep?

Common sense suggests that the difference was in the *quality* of their sleep. The 4 hours' sleep of Napoleon and the other mighty men was deep, refreshing sleep—what has been called 1st Group Sleep.

Lord Roseberry, on the other hand, must have had the shallow, unsatisfying 2nd Group Sleep.

There is a vast difference in the effect of these different groups or levels of sleep.

The one leaves you refreshed, feeling a new man, strong and able to cope with the difficulties of the day ahead of you.

The other leaves you exhausted and fretful, fearful of what the day may bring.

SINCE sleep, and the lack of it, are matters of greater importance today than ever before, we all need the first kind of sleep. *How* to get it—that is the question.

Dozens of suggestions for getting to sleep have been advanced. One famous London doctor says that thinking of a black target against a black background is better than counting sheep. Another recommends closing the eyes—and then trying to see your eyebrows!

Actually, however, the problem for most of us is not so much one of getting to sleep as of getting a few good hours of the right *kind* of sleep. This is where Horlicks can help you.

People find that after taking a cup of hot Horlicks last thing, they get that lovely, deep, restoring sleep. They not only waken up refreshed; gradually their health and spirits improve all round. If you want to know again the wonderful "healed" feeling that comes from really good sleep, take Horlicks tonight.

Fry's Cocoa as a food

(1)

FOR CHILDREN

YOU never have to persuade children to drink Fry's 'because it is good for them'. They clamour for it because they love its rich, chocolate flavour. But Fry's Cocoa is far more than a pleasant drink. It is a real food as well, packed with nourishment and energy. As a nightcap, Fry's Cocoa is warming, soothing, and helps to give the children sound and refreshing sleep. Fry's Cocoa makes every meal go further—an important consideration in these days of rationing. It is also one of the few foods that have come down in price since the war, thus bringing within reach of countless families a most valuable addition to their diet.

FRY'S

The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour

5D A QUARTER-LB

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SCO

WIPES AWAY HARD BAKED-ON OVEN GREASE WITHOUT EFFORT

6d PER TIN STILL AT PRE-WAR PRICE

VARNENE protects and beautifies floors

"A lovely finish is easily obtained with Varnene Oil Varnish Stain. Gives such a hard-wearing high gloss.

Of Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocers and General Stores. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

7/67

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY . . . By WILL SCOTT

The New Idea

WHEN the original Barley opened Barley's in Candlestick Alley in 1879 he had a new idea. He had, in fact, a whole lot of them. He was like that.

For this reason he was later known as the first man in the City of London to wear a panama hat.

Barley's new idea (his principal one) was that Tuesday followed Monday.

This seems simple enough when it's pointed out to you, but it is remarkable what a lot of people there are who do not seem to realise it.

There were a lot of people in 1879 who did not seem to realise it.

"They think," said the original Barley, "that it will always be Monday; that Tuesday will never come. They think that it will always be 1879; that 1880 will never reach us. As for the twentieth century . . . well, they just refuse to believe it. And yet it's only twenty years away. Bit more."

A live wire, the original Barley. He *saw*. The big sign over Dove's at the corner (*Established* 1723) made him smile.

"No idea!" he would say. "Established 1723!

"God bless my soul! They seem to think it's going to stop at Monday for ever!"

And he went so far (to get himself a reputation as a wag) as to declare that at Dove's they lit their fires with tinder and steel.

When he opened Barley's, half-way down Candlestick Alley on the right, he claimed that it was the most modern and up-to-date restaurant in the whole of the City. And so it was.

The windows were (for 1879) big, and the whole place was (for 1879) light and airy. The service was quick. Many of the dishes were novel. Barley's got itself talked about.

The faithful did not, of course, desert Dove's.

The old-timers stuck to their old times. But new-timers were always arriving, young men starting their careers with what seemed to them new notions, and for them "this new place in Candlestick Alley" was a magnet.

Barley's flourished.

When it was fifteen years old it was entirely refurnished and redecorated and brought up to date.

"Never let the grass grow," the original Barley said to his son, who had been born to follow in father's footsteps.

"This place has the reputation for being *first* with everything new. And sometimes not only first, but *alone*. Character is everything in a restaurant. When your time comes remember that."

Barley's was thus the first place of its kind in the City to have gas cooking and electric light.

It was the first place above the status of a teashop to admit women when the female invasion of the City began. It was first *always*.

"That is the idea," the original Barley explained. "Good fare is *not* enough, although that you must have. But also you must have an idea, and Barley's has always had an idea. It grew out of an idea."

And Barley, junior, like his father before him, *saw;* which is everything.

The original Barley retired in 1901, and Barley, junior, kept alive the new traditions. In 1910 the place was once more refurnished and redecorated and brought abreast with the times.

And by now it was a City institution.

Why, even the Guides to London mentioned it.

"There are many famous and old-established restaurants and chop-houses in the City (such as Dove's at the corner of Candlestick Alley), where one may lunch at one's leisure in an old-world atmosphere, but the modern visitor in a hurry, desirous of seeing the maximum in the minimum of time, would probably prefer the up-to-date service and surroundings of Barley's, on the right side of the Alley approaching the Mansion House. . . ."

It was time that Barley's stepped to the front again . . . not merely redecorating but also rebuilding was needed

Barley, junior, himself retired in 1924, leaving Barley III to sit back and take the money, which was about all you had to do at Barley's by this time.

Oh, yes—and remember the idea.

"Good fare is not enough. . . . Barley's has always had an idea."

IN the Spring of 1938 Barley III (whose name was Anthony) began to get his own ideas working. He looked at Barley's and decided that something had to be done

Not mere touching-up (which had satisfied his father and his grandfather before him), but complete rebuilding.

Something better than even the West End had ever seen.

Why not?

It *would* come. Somebody would do it. And hadn't Barley's always been first?

He had the plans drawn up, and these he showed to his friends in great delight. But they shook their heads.

"We doubt whether these are the times, old man. There's *war* coming. You can smell it. Leave well alone."

"War? Rot!"

Anthony Barley wouldn't have that at any price. But other friends were singing the same song, and he decided that no real harm would be done by postponing the reconstruction until the Autumn.

Then they would know!

But not a day later than the Autumn.

It was like needles in the flesh of Anthony to see the way the bloom was wearing off the "up-to-date surroundings of Barley's."

The furniture, the walls, even the ceilings.

"Shabby," he called it.

Not that *you* would have noticed.

The Autumn came.

And Munich. . . .

"You don't dream of rebuilding *now?*" said his friends.

"No," Anthony had to admit. "It will have to wait for the Spring."

It waited for the Spring, and when the Spring came—like all the rest of the world—it waited. . . .

Summer came and went. September. War.

"This," cried Anthony, "is the end of Barley's!"

"Why?" asked his friends.

"Look at it!" said he. "It's so down-at-heel! Many of our smartest customers are leaving us already. I was a fool to think of rebuilding in times like these. I ought to have redecorated and refurnished the place throughout a couple of years ago. This will kill our reputation."

"It would be foolish to think of redecorating and refurnishing now," said his friends.

"I know! I know!" said Anthony. "It's too late! Barley's is done!"

It wasn't done, of course. But, because of the war (and, no doubt, partly because of the vanished bloom which had been the restaurant's ace-card), business had fallen off, and Barley's was no longer the City institution it had been.

The fare was as good as ever. But (as Anthony sadly called to mind) "good fare is not enough. . . . Barley's has always had an idea."

THE war preyed on Anthony's mind.

When the raids began he could no longer sleep. On the morning after a raid he was always one of the first in the City, and the very first in Candlestick Alley, to see if Barley's was still standing.

And when he saw that it *was* it didn't make him much happier.

Standing . . . but a down-at-heel, growing-shabbier business which was past its prime. Might just as well have been bombed. . . .

Would have saved a lot of trouble.

And then came what is already called the Second Fire of London.

Anthony Barley was like a man possessed. The first thing he heard was that the whole of the City had gone: that not a stone remained standing in the entire square mile. He was ready, when he got there, to fight his way along Cheapside.

But that was not too easy.

Police and hosepipes and smoke were everywhere. He was soon brought to a stop. Round one smouldering heap a few forlorn men were standing.

"It was built, I've heard, before 1800," said one. "I've had my lunch there every day since I came to the City, and that's forty years and more ago. And my father before me. *And* my grandfather. Whatever shall we do now?"

No, Cheapside was out of the question.

ANTHONY was turned aside, and made his way by back streets to the other end. There, somehow, he managed to get across and work his way back to the corner of Candlestick Alley. His face was pale, his eyes staring.

And at the corner of Candlestick Alley he pulled up like a man shot.

Dove's gone!

A wall or two. Dust. Water. Nothing else. Dove's!

Another sad-eyed group of men stood about. No doubt they had work to do somewhere, but this was of more importance.

It was farther from their pockets, but it was closer to their hearts.

A scarred sign was about all of Dove's that had survived. It stuck up out of a pile of rubble, saying *Established* 1723, to the sky.

"It's a tragedy!" said one of the men.

"It's like losing an old pal!" said another

And then the words that the other men at the other place had used:

"Whatever shall we do now?"

"Where shall we *go?*"

Anthony Barley crept away, keeping to the left side of the Alley. As he approached half-way he scarcely dared to look. But he had to look, and he did look, and his heart gave a leap when he saw that Barley's was untouched.

He crossed the Alley, gaping at it.

He went inside and saw the staff and went over the place.

A couple of windows had been blown out at the back; nothing more.

"Very lucky we've been, sir," said his head waiter.

Anthony looked about him. Barley's, once the pride of the City. The most up-to-date place in the square mile. And now—tables worn, mirrors chipped, ceilings smoke-stained.

Everything hopelessly past its prime.

"Good fare is not enough. . . . Barley's has always had an idea."

"In my opinion——" said the head waiter.

"I'm going out!" said Anthony.

And out he went, and round to see a sign-writer.

"Do it now," he said, "and I'll pay you double. I want it by eleven o'clock."

It was ready by five minutes to. It was in place by a quarter-past. A great double-sided sign that you could see both coming up and going down Candlestick Alley. It had six words only—three on each side:

"*BARLEY'S. ESTABLISHED* 1879."

So that now about all Barley III has to do is to sit back and take the money.

The City men who were bombed out of Dove's and such places are settling quite comfortably.

Barley's isn't Dove's, of course, but at any rate it's *old-established*.

It isn't one of these jumped-up places.

Cheer up and Smile

Keep smiling, even if you're running risks. But don't run risks with that precious Odol smile. Don't take chances with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whiteness. They wear away the thin enamel coating whichalone prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste to-night. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder, cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Keep the winning

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d. & 1/3d.
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d.
Including Purchase Tax.

Smile!

PREVENT COLD DAMP FEET WITH *Snowfire* TABLET 4D.

Family size 9½d.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/5 and 3/5.

FOOD FACTS

Number 27

THANKS to the hard work of our farmers and growers, there are fine supplies of potatoes, carrots and oatmeal in the Country. Three foods giving energy and protection against illness — let us eat some of each every day.

The crews of our mine-sweepers are always risking their lives to bring you food, so don't waste any. You wouldn't if you'd done any sweeping yourself!

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

You can hear all kinds of food tips on the wireless at 8.15 every morning

Potato Carrot Pancake

Well-seasoned mashed potato combined with cooked carrot makes a wholesome and savoury-tasting pancake. Whip the mashed potato to a loose creamy consistency. Season well with pepper and salt and add some diced cooked carrot. Pan-fried slowly in a very little fat it develops a deliciously crisp crust, but it can be baked to a good brown in the oven if preferred.

Potato Basket

Scrub 1 lb. potatoes and boil gently in a very little water. When they are nearly cooked, drain off the liquid reserving it for stock. Let them finish cooking in their own steam by covering them closely with a folded cloth under the lid and standing the saucepan at the side of the stove until they are floury. Peel and mash well. Add a beaten egg and mash again. Grease a cake tin and coat it with browned bread-crumbs. Press in the mashed potatoes to form a thick lining to the tin. Bake in a hot oven for about 10 minutes. Meanwhile dice 1 lb. carrots, having cooked them for 15 minutes, and mix them with a sauce made from 1 oz. dripping, 1 oz. oatmeal and ½ pint milk or stock, and salt and pepper to taste. When the potato basket is cooked, turn it out and fill it with the hot carrot mixture. Heat in the oven for a few minutes and serve piping hot. (*Enough for four.*)

Oatmeal Stuffing

This is particularly useful for making meat, fish or poultry go further.

Boil 3 ozs. coarse oatmeal in 1½ teacupfuls water for 30 minutes. Mix well with 2 ozs. bread crumbs, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoonful mixed sweet herbs, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley, 1 grated onion (if you can get it) and a pinch of mace if liked. Bind with a little melted dripping if necessary.

Do you know?

1. That over-cooking meat not only spoils the flavour but makes it shrink too.

2. That by grating vegetables a good soup can be made in 20 minutes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Open up for **MALTESERS**

Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty *and* give you food value besides.
Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

2½D ALSO IN 7D BOXES

BACKACHE

AND URINARY TROUBLES GONE FOR GOOD. I USED DOANS.

"Every Picture tells a Story"

IF more people were aware that wastes which would injure health must constantly be filtered out of the blood by the kidneys, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidney action lags. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills would be used before the trouble grew worse.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, persistent headache, attacks of giddiness, getting up at nights, swellings, puffiness under the eyes and feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Use Doans Pills. You can rely on a medicine that has won such world wide recommendation.

1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (incl. tax). Ask for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

***HUMANIST** banishes a common fear, attacks fortune-tellers, and says that charity is now a luxury. Do you agree?*

TERRIFIED BY A DREAM

Her husband smiled at her fears, but she was sure her dream predicted tragedy

READERS often ask me to explain their dreams, but this is impossible without a long cross-examination.

"Dream Book" interpretations are useless.

Similar dreams may mean different things to different people.

Modern psychologists claim to have discovered the symbolism of dreams, but the idea is not so new to anyone who has read the Book of Genesis (Chapters 40 and 41) or the Book of Daniel.

Months ago a woman wrote to say that, although she was not superstitious, she was frightened because she had dreamt of a neighbour who had been dead for two and a half years.

"When I expressed surprise at meeting her, she said, 'You will be coming to us next month!'" says the writer.

"There was nothing horrible about the dream itself, but it has preyed on my nerves so much that I am fearing next month more than I can say.

"The thought of leaving my two young boys to the mercy of the world while the war is on is my greatest fear.

"I have begged the elder boy to take care of his brother after my death.

"My husband laughs at me, but I cannot get rid of the fear that way.

'When my boys keep talking of the gifts they are going to give me on my birthday, my heart turns over. The thought flashes into my mind: 'Yes, if I am here.'"

Not a Prediction

I replied at once, telling the woman to write to me again in the New Year.

"I shall expect that letter," I said, "and you will tell me that nothing unusual has happened to you."

The letter has come all right.

"Well, here I am, alive and well," says the woman. "Your letter did a world of good. Nothing unforeseen or unexpected happened, and I am grateful for your help.

'If you had not written, I should have continued worrying and made myself ill."

The dream was probably an unconscious fear dramatised into a conversation with the dead.

It might even be a wish!

Yet it was no prediction of death, and there was no reason for anxiety.

I was sure of that when I wrote.

One man was so impressed by a dream that he wrote to tell me the war was coming to an end before last Christmas!

Now and again a "prophetic" dream comes true.

Everybody hears about that, but the hundreds of such dreams that prove to be wrong are not mentioned.

This gives an entirely false impression about the value of dreams as forecasts of the future.

The Old Problem

A man wrote to me this week on another subject that appears at intervals in my postbag.

"I have been married a little more than twelve years," he says, "and on the whole we have been happy. There have been little differences of opinion, and small tiffs over trifles, but nothing to write home about.

"The only first-class row began last week and is still continuing.

"It started through my wife's visit to a clairvoyant.

"Apparently the woman warned my wife against a short, dark woman who was 'carrying on' with me in secret.

"The whole thing is too ridiculous.

"I know a number of short, dark women, but none of them looks at me twice unless she has to, and the idea of 'carrying on' has never occurred to me.

"But the seed of suspicion has been sown.

"My wife is watching every movement—demanding to know why I am ten minutes late, where I had my mid-day meal, who came my way home.

"Two days ago she was lying in wait for me at the station.

"I was alone, and expressed surprise at seeing her, but she was hysterical because she had expected to catch me with the imaginary dark woman and give us a large piece of her mind.

"I keep on assuring her that there is no such person, but it seems to be a waste of time.

"We cannot go on living in this atmosphere of suspicion.

"Should I tell the police? I am told that fortune-telling for money is illegal, and my wife paid the woman half-a-crown."

Fortune-telling for money is liable to prosecution, but the man would probably find that the half-crown was payment for some trifle (worth twopence or less) and that the "fortune" was thrown in free.

That is one way of wriggling through the meshes of the law.

Prosecuting the clairvoyant would not solve the man's problem.

It is the old problem of jealousy, and it is almost useless to argue. One might as well argue with the plague.

The victim is to be pitied.

Another absorbing problem comes from a woman reader.

"As my husband has a decent job," she says, "and is getting good money, we are always willing to lend a helping hand to the deserving, but just now there seems to be so many that we are wondering where to draw the line.

"My husband is generous to friends, but the country also needs money, and we are wondering whether this ought not to come before private charities.

"I should like to have some idea where you would draw the line if you were earning an average wage of £6 a week."

A Suggestion

It is difficult to answer this question without knowing the standard of living in this home.

There are certain expenses that must be met—rent, rates, income-tax, gas, coal, electric light, and insurance.

Then there is the money for food, clothing, doctors, dentists.

Some people have big appetites. Some people are able to do without doctors.

Then none of us likes to refuse appeals for the blind, for hospitals, or for the Red Cross.

But it is more important to assist the country than to indulge in miscellaneous private charities.

If a £6-a-week man can buy a Savings Certificate each week, I should think he is doing well.

Over-careful people might save more than this, and reckless people would save nothing. But one Certificate a week would be good going.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, mentioning your name).

★★★★★ BUILDING ★★★★★★

THIS New World we're busy building has a ring in it that is true, simply because it is bringing a New Factor to me and you, and that is, we are All of Importance, All responsible for its success, for we've got to write HUMANWEALTH at the top of the New World's Address.

IT won't be a World of divisions in which one holds the weight for the few, it won't be a case of someone else doing that which we ought to do. It will be a Colossal Endeavour in which Everyone will take part, giving the strength of their brain, and their hands, their life, and their soul and heart.

AND that isn't going to be easy for there's many who don't understand that this World belongs to Humanity and the whole of its peoples must stand together and not sections, cut with the Blunt Blade of Sloth every thread in the Texture of Living must be spun by us All in Life's Cloth.

THERE'S room in the World for all creatures, no matter what colour or creed, and there's the Remedy and the Correction for everyone's actual Need. And there's WORK which is so stupendous that it must be Fairly Shared in this Vast Emerging Structure of Life for which we must all be prepared.

AND so we must face the Future knowing its weight will be Great, knowing that never again will we allow mere Puppets of Fate to lead whole peoples and nations to the Edge of Extinction through Strife. We must ALL be responsible for carrying out The Conduct of Human Life.

WE must all be responsible for the Shape of the Future HUMANITY, so that chains of Power cannot be held by Clowns of Destiny, dressed in their own Importance and foisted upon mankind, such Profanities of Living must be for ever left behind.

AND so with our Place in Living, and Life calling us to our Place, we must go forward and fit into Life and leave no vacant space, for Circumstance fills such vacuums with monstrous barren things, and Apes snatch crowns and call themselves Ruler-Gods and Kings.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

FOR the last thirteen months George Eldridge, of Romsey, Kent, a veteran of the last war, has been prevented from working by a heart weakness.

Yet he has a wife and four young children to maintain on a small Government disablement benefit of 8s. 6d. a week.

With the cost of living rising, life is a bitter struggle to keep his family fed and clothed.

When health permits, he is a good worker, and a local clergyman has told JOHN BULL that he deserves every assistance.

Do please send what you can to help (earmarked "Rifle Corps") to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

WARNING

COLD FEET INVITE 'FLU

Out in the cold and wet, with feet like blocks of ice, you're simply *asking* for trouble. Numb feet are a sure sign that your vitality is low, your circulation sluggish. That's when winter ills get you.

Don't stand the misery—and the danger—a day longer. Get a *move on* your circulation with Iodine. Put Simpson Iodine Socks in your shoes. They liberate Iodine vapour *under* your feet. Your pores absorb it and in 3 minutes you can feel the warm blood coursing through your veins. Chill and depression go at once. You feel well-shod, alive, ready for anything!

Be sure to get SIMPSON brand Socks, impregnated with the genuine Simpson *vaporising* Iodine. Others won't do. From chemists, 1/9, Ladies' and Men's. If difficulty, post free (send price and size) from J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. X.11), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a Free Laboratory Sample of a New Foot Bath Powder containing actual Seaweed? Just send a postcard.

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925)

Presbyterian Mixture 1/9

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

PERSONAL PROBLEM	Dull teeth —
SCIENTIFIC SOLUTION	IRIUM —
BRILLIANT RESULT	A Sparkling smile —

Do *your* teeth light up your smile? Give it brilliance and fascination? They do if you use Irium. Irium is Pepsodent's newly discovered miracle — and it *is* a miracle! That's why Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly *your* teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before!

★ PEPSODENT ★

THE *IRIUM* DENTIFRICE

199-2-2

What do I do...

to keep ships free to carry war supplies?

I eat more freely the foods we grow in this country.

I eat more oatmeal: because it has the same healthful qualities as wholemeal bread — and because it is cheap.

I eat more carrots: because we have a big surplus of these which must not be wasted — and because they purify the blood.

I eat more potatoes: because they give energy and protection against illness.

Cut this out — and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Have to walk it?

There's a lot more walking to do these days. Even so, you can actually SAVE on shoe repairs: make sure that Dri-ped is used—it's the leather that lasts twice as long; it's waterproof, too!

Insist on

DRI-PED *Leather*

for your next shoe repair

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powders **keep dogs fit**

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MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder Means

Sound Digestion!

—for Miss D. W. of Camberwell

She writes, "*I suffered with gastric trouble. The agony was unbearable until one day a friend recommended* MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. *Since that day I have been able to eat anything and enjoy it.*" Because MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder speeds up the process of digestion—preventing conditions which cause pain, distress and disgust. If you suffer from INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, STOMACH PAIN, get some MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder today and give yourself a MACLEAN DIGESTION.

From all Chemists. Price 1/3, 2/3, 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. tins or in bottles at 1/5 and 2/5 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if this signature appears on carton, bottle or tin.

Alex C. Maclean

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BRYLCREEM — THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

★ Another Tale of the Turf told by a jockey to a "John Bull" Special Correspondent explains why a Trainer laughed only when he was "thoroughly up against it."

Pete ran a small stable near the sea, and you'd see his "string," silhouetted, like this one, against the dawn any morning you were able to get up in time for the gallops

Peter Takes the Rap!

TAKING Pete Silver by and large he was as square a guy as I ever met.

When I first knew him, Pete was running a small stable in Berkshire. He was lean-faced, confident, and the tweeds he wore were as stout as his optimism.

Happiness was his. He had a pretty, charming wife, Elsie, and a couple of bonnie children. And there was nothing I liked better than to spend a few hours in the bosom of the family.

But, said I to myself one day, they would be happier if there was more of the ready to spend, and the only way Pete could get more dough was by having a few really good mounts in his stable.

I didn't do anything about it till one day at Newmarket I was talking to Morrison, the millionaire copper magnate, whose favourite hobby was owning winning horses and who hated to lose.

Another Loser!

He'd just seen a filly of his finish a bad third, and he tore up his programme in disgust.

"Another loser," he snorted. "I wish to heaven I could find a real trainer."

He looked knowingly at me.

"Perhaps you know somebody, Jimmy?"

The big trainers weren't particularly keen on handling Morrison's horses.

Although the copper king was a heavy plunger, he was stingy in his training fees.

Whoever trained for him never got more than £1,000 a year and 10 per cent.—hardly enough if his horses were having a bad time.

A week later Morrison, acting on my suggestion, sent Pete a dozen horses, some of them good ones.

Under Pete's care the mounts improved and began to win.

Some lost. When they did Morrison, a queer cuss if ever there was one, used to fly into terrible rages.

But win for him and he treated you well.

I couldn't stand Morrison much, especially after he threatened to strike me with his umbrella because I had ridden a loser on which he had plunged heavily.

Kindness Misfired

Pete, unhappily, was spoiled by his new prosperity.

He had changed for the worse.

His old tweeds were replaced by flashy, well-cut clothes.

He began to like and frequent expensive night-clubs and restaurants.

And when I saw him running around with a stylish platinum blonde—the sort you link up with millionaires and share-pushers—I knew that my kindly deed for the Silver family had misfired.

Among Pete's older patrons was Brigadier Jones, an old cavalry officer and a good judge of bloodstock. He had no money to speak of, but managed to keep a horse or two in training. And Pete was certainly glad to have his business before Morrison came along.

Apparently the general had picked up Comet, a likely flier, for three or four hundred, and had stabled it with Pete.

When I mentioned the Comet to Pete he laughed the general's hopes to scorn.

"You know these old warhorses," he grinned, "they can't tell a thoroughbred from a rocking-horse."

It seemed that Pete was right. For the Comet hardly looked like a shooting-star in any of the selling plates I watched him in.

When, just before the season's close, the colt ran in another selling plate, won by a handsome margin, and was knocked down to Morrison for 170 guineas, I began to smell a rat.

"Fancy Pete of all people playing a trick like that," I said to myself. And, as it proved, my hunch was correct, for in the following year Comet won three or four big handicaps.

Patrons continued to come Pete's way, most of them gamblers who specialised in readying horses for meetings where they could bet.

Change for the Worse

One year at Epsom I ran into Pete again.

He grinned sourly and pushed off, but not before I had a chance to note the change in him.

His face was blotchy and swollen with too much drinking, and his chin heavy with good living.

He had a hunted look, too, of the man who is living a double life.

He wasn't the type to get away with keeping a flat in the West End without his conscience wearing him down.

Yet he still continued to keep his magic touch. Everything in his stable seemed to have wings. The blow, when it fell, came from an unexpected quarter.

Morrison, who gambled as heavily on stocks as he did on the race-track, was caught short in the copper market, losing every penny he had in ready cash.

Yet appearances had to be kept up at all costs. For if he lost his credit he would be sold out.

He had to raise the wind somehow, so he got to work on Pete. "The bottom's dropped out of the market," he told him. "We'll have to make a big win with the horses."

The horse they chose to work the miracle was a three-year-old which had shown some good form the year before. They let it come in with the ruck two or three times, and when a Newcastle meeting came along it was down to 7-12.

The scheme must have been on Pete's mind a little, because when he saw me he asked me what I thought.

"For heaven's sake don't go through with it," I warned him. "The stewards are watching you as it is. If they smell any dirty work you're for it."

"You're right, Jimmy," he agreed, "but I can't back out of this stunt now. My horse can't be beaten, and I've backed him to win £10,000."

Pete picked up his hat and made for the door.

"Try to understand me, Jimmy," he urged. "I'm absolutely broke now, going the pace too hard I guess. But that £10,000 will give me a bit of capital, put me on solid ground again.

"After that I can go dead straight and still pile up a comfortable fortune."

"O.K., Pete. It's your funeral," I said. "Don't forget it will be you they'll jump on, you obstinate fool—not Morrison!"

An excellent turn-out and plenty of betting marked the mile race in which the horse was entered.

The books opened with it at 100—6, but as Morrison and his gang were trying to do the job S.P. the price soon dropped to twos, and the horse was hot favourite.

I was riding in the race, but Pete's horse made all the running, and won by four lengths.

Fifteen minutes later Pete, Morrison and the jockey were lined up before the stewards—not the stewards you get at some meetings, but real Jockey Club men—and there was the father and mother of a court-martial!

Pete was asked pointedly why his horse had put up such a poor showing until now, and he answered lamely:

"She hasn't been fit till now, and the soft going just happened to suit her."

Kidding Nobody

A glance at the stern-set faces made Pete realise that he wasn't kidding anybody, and one fierce-looking old fellow with a baleful eye, and a lot of stiff grey hair, barked out:

"He was going very much to your liking to-day, eh, Mr. Silver, and very much to the satisfaction of someone who has made a fortune out of this race!"

Things had gone too far now for Elsie to be kept in the dark, and when I returned to my flat a night or two later I was not surprised to find Pete's wife, her eyes swollen with weeping, waiting for me in the sitting-room.

"Oh, Jimmy," she wailed, "Pete's in the most terrible jam. He's got to go before the Jockey Club next Tuesday, and he thinks he'll lose his licence."

Poor Elsie!

My heart went out to her in this moment of stress. I patted her shoulder gently.

"There, there, it mayn't be so bad, after all," I told her. "I'll do what I can, though heaven knows Pete asked for all that was coming to him."

I contacted Pete and got the full story from him. Morrison had planned the whole coup, and cleaned up a cool £40,000 as a result.

"Who put your money on?" I asked Pete.

"Morrison," he replied.

So we went up to see Morrison. He was a suave devil, cool, sympathetic, and most concerned.

He swore that Pete would get every cent that was coming to him, and that if Pete had to take the rap he would look after him.

Three days later Pete got a letter to say he was warned-off.

And Morrison proved himself to be the biggest rascal that ever walked on two legs. Did he send Pete his ten thousand? Don't make me laugh. All the poor trainer got was a hundred at a time for six months—not enough to pay his debts!

Patience Needed

Many an odd fiver I slipped the Silvers after that to help them over the rougher patches. Pete was for shooting Morrison, till I reminded him that would not do Elsie and the kids much good.

"Take my advice," I added, "lie low and keep quiet and maybe you'll get your licence back before long."

So I spread the word around about Pete having taken the rap for the world's meanest grafter, but three years elapsed before I heard there was a chance of Pete being forgiven.

"Write a nice humble letter," I told him, "and ask for a fresh start. The stewards are not hostile to you, for they know who had all the money out of the win at Newcastle."

Pete followed my advice, was reinstated, and I got a few pals to give him a horse or two. But, as everybody knows, there is no real comeback for a man who has once been off. He can't get any good horses.

I saw Pete one day at Brighton. He was looking as pleased as Punch.

"How're things?" I asked.

"Terrible," said he. "The old plater I've got here couldn't win if it started the night before."

"Then why all the gladness?"

Pete grasped my arm. There was a look of deep content in his eye.

"Why, haven't you heard?" he whispered. "The bottom's dropped out of the copper market again. . . ."

NEXT WEEK: Downfall of a Jockey.

★ ***JOHN BULL can help you. If in difficulty or doubt about anything, except a medical matter, write to us, sending a stamped, addressed envelope with your enquiry. There is no charge for our advice. Address letters to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.***

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1 Sprinkle Harpic into the pan

2 It reaches this bend...

3 Flush the pan. It's clean and sanitary.

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You can be slim and vital all through the year with the aid of Bile Beans. Taken regularly each night these fine vegetable pills break up and disperse unwanted fat. They purify the blood, tone you up and create a feeling of youth and freshness.

So be sure and take Bile Beans if you want to be healthily slim and keep fit and vital these days.

I am the manageress in a coat and gown shop and it's a pleasure to tell you that since taking Bile Beans regularly my weight is nearly two stones less. I'm brighter and more energetic now, and my health is splendid in every way."—Mrs. O. M. P., Bexley Heath.

By Nightly Taking

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A new method that gives all-day security & comfort

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'Dentesive' seals the edges of your plates too, so that you can enjoy any foods you may fancy without particles getting underneath. At the same time 'Dentesive' forms a comfort cushion that prevents sore gums. Tasteless, odourless, harmless. Recommended by over 6,000 Dentists. Prices 6d. and 1/- at chemists, or if any difficulty from Dentesive Ltd., 10-15, Chitty Street, London, W.1

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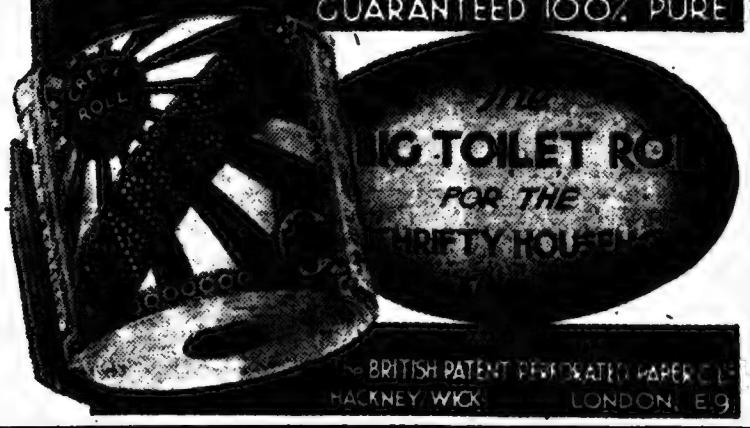

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket. Also family sizes.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, Zam-Buk Suppositories are now obtainable for internal use. Antiseptic hygienic and easy to insert, Zam-Buk Suppositories can be depended upon to give the utmost benefit. Left in position at night, they melt at bodily heat and soothe and cure while you sleep.

With Solid

"I had piles so severely I used to work in the greatest discomfort. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought almost immediate relief and soon banished the trouble."
Mr. J. H. P., London.

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Price 1/5 per box.

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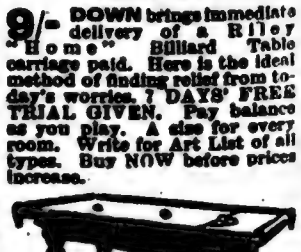
PARENTS WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

9/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from to-day's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types. Buy NOW before prices increase.



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VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TO-DAY'S TOPIC

ANYBODY who imagines that farmers' families are living on the fat of the land, sacrificing nothing from their tables, even though there is a war on, should realise that it is by *selling* food that the farmer lives.

He would be a fool to consume eggs in scores, drink cream in buckets.

I live on a farm, yet I haven't tasted butter for months. We can't get sufficient feeding stuff for our stocks. That means that we can't get enough produce for market. And that, in turn, means that the farmer's family goes short.—Mrs. L. V. H., Liss, Hants.

How Many Eggs Have We Lost?

WE should be grateful to the Minister of Agriculture for certain figures he has given us.

He says a racehorse in training needs an average of 30 cwt. of corn annually. Sufficient to maintain thirty-five adult laying poultry for about a year.

I don't know how many eggs we are deprived of by the entire racehorse population of this country, but I do know that 166 horses have been entered for big races this year.

And those alone—on the showing of a Cabinet Minister—rob us of 1,660,000 eggs.—Mrs. T. Kelly-Jones, Minera, Wrexham, N. Wales.

Does Mr. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, know that racehorses have robbed us of eggs?

Way to Do It

They told us at the munition factory where I work exactly what part was played in the British success in the Middle East by the spare parts we are making.

Results were amazing.

When the danger signal goes "up the mast," everybody turns his eyes the other way. We seem to have no time for the air raid shelter.

Let us know a little bit more about the importance of our jobs, and then watch for increased results.—C. E. J., Balliol Road, North Kensington.

Good tip for the Ministry of Labour here.

Country Sundays

Munition-makers are sacrificing their Sundays. What about people of the countryside?

Can't we be permitted to do work of national importance on what is usually our day of rest, so bringing nearer the day of Hitler's defeat?—A. M., Mendalsief Road, Newport, Mon.

Problem of the Lords

In future the House of Lords should not be permitted to delay important legislation.

Post-war problems are going to have a greater urgency than those of pre-war days. There will be more to do.

Curb the Lords, and our Parliamentarians will be able to do ten years' work in ten months.—John Casey, Norwood Avenue, Astley, near Manchester.

Is it the Civilians' V.C.?

As we were told the George Cross was going to be something in the nature of a "civilians' V.C.," it is dismaying to see it being lavished on the Fighting Forces almost without reserve.

I don't begrudge a soldier, sailor or airman anything. But what's wrong with the D.C.M., M.M., and other such decorations?

Treated as "just another Service medal," it can never become regarded as the civilians' Victoria Cross.—A. Thomas, Uxbridge Road, Feltham, Middlesex.

Cheaper Post Plea

As the wife of a soldier serving in the Middle East, may I urge the Government to give us a better and a cheaper postal service?

We all admire what those boys are doing, but 1s. 3d. for an air mail stamp is a lot to pay out of my allowance to say "Thanks, dear."—Mrs. D. King, Manor Road, Wayside, Southtown, near Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

Waste Did You Say?

Here is the address of an old quarry working that is being filled with so-called rubbish.

Among this "rubbish" is a burnt-out aeroplane with the wings still intact, and hundreds of oil tanks of different sizes.

Fresh sausages and cheese have been found in that quarry, which is near a big camp.—K. Thorpe (address withheld for obvious reasons).

We have forwarded the correspondent's address, and the situation of the quarry, to the Ministry of Supply.

I'm Not Profiteering

Being a reserved man on Government work, I receive the standard trade union rate for my job.

Old school friends in the Services have told me that I am not only *not* doing my bit, but also making a fortune out of munitions.

But I am no better off.

I have, indeed, tried several times to do what they are doing. I am willing to exchange places with any one of them. Yet, because of my work, I am not allowed.

Do you think such sneers are fair?—Sydney Greave, address omitted for obvious reasons.

No man drawing standard trade union rate of pay for war work of any kind is profiteering in any way.

This Class Distinction?

One cannot imagine that the Ministry of Food, which issues tea and sugar supplies to factory canteens, intends that class distinction should be displayed in issuing rationed goods.

Yet in the factory where I work, higher grade workers get a tray of tea.

The tea itself is strong stuff, and is accompanied by a jug of milk and a generous bowl of sugar.

Lower grade workers get a cup of dish-water with a tiny lump of sugar flung in the saucer.—M. N. S., Alstonfield Road, Knotty Ash, Liverpool.

Sixpence a Bomb

Scene: A London street.

It is daylight.

Clusters of incendiary bombs fall, some in a small court adjoining.

Adults, men and women alike, tackle the blazing bombs in the main thoroughfare.

But in the alleyway young boys of eight to fourteen years of age, seeing a chance of making money for sweets, pipe up with: "Put out your bomb for sixpence!"

They helped, and they received some sixpences afterwards.

Mercenary little brats, yes, but fine little Britons.—T. Ludd, Commercial Road, E.

Foolish Customs

Panel doctors in this district close their doors before the shops finish business at night.

They also take their days off on the shops' early closing day.

As a result, shop assistants paying National Health Insurance cannot receive medical attention unless they take half a day off from work, and lose wages.

They are paying twice for medical treatment through Ministry of Health stupidity.—W. Mann, Roding Road, Clapton, E.5.

* * *

Dock warehouses are closed between noon and 1 p.m. to enable the Customs officials to go to lunch.

Your correspondent is wrong in suggesting that dock officials are to blame.

The onus is on an old Dockland custom.—C. E. Stacey, The Beeches, Southend Road, Wickford, Essex.

Correspondent referred to proved serious delay in handling goods shipped to this country. If an old Dockland custom causes such delay, and provided Customs officers are not deprived of their meal-times, such custom should be scrapped during the war.

What Does it Mean?

Big shops seem to have little difficulty in getting supplies, while the smaller are pretty well empty.

I know big shops that seem to have no lack of chocolates.

But retailers in the small streets, asked for a twopenny bar, hold their hands up helplessly.—H. Haylock, Goodwin Road, Edmonton, N.9.

Their Own Fault

Writing as a coal merchant, I maintain that most people who are short of coal thoroughly deserve to go cold.

They were appealed to to take in supplies when the weather was good, and transport easy, but failed to do so.

My customers all began to clamour for coal when the snow was so deep that it took my men forty minutes to dig the snow from their drives before their coal-sheds could be reached.

They might remember that many of us are carrying on with men unused to the work, and find the job hard enough without digging snow away from garden paths.—Coal Merchant, Somewhere in the Home Counties.

Burned Churches

Incendiary bombs were dropping on a local church at which I sometimes worship.

The whole fabric was endangered because the doors were locked, and there was long delay in opening them.

Every church should have open doors, throughout every day and night—the more so in these days of bombing, but even in peace time, since people have a right both to sanctuary and prayer.—Mrs. J. Hewes, "Somewhere in North England."

London churches are now open all night to fire-fighters, but it wasn't always so.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SHEERNESS TIMES AND GUARDIAN:—"He was usually the worse for drink or sleeping off the effects of drunken CHILDREN."

BATLEY NEWS:—". . . to endow a bed and to provide an ANTI-natal clinic."

NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"Three 15-year-old boys were FONT LIGHTS."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"A PLAINTIFF cry from beneath a lorry revealed the presence of the cat and her kittens."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DISPATCH:—"One woman buying several PARTS of her favourite stockings."

DUNOON OBSERVER AND ARGYLLSHIRE STANDARD:—"A military camp in Dunoon area requires a CORONET to complete their band."

DAILY MAIL:—"Defendant admitted the OUTER."

KENT AND SUSSEX COURIER:—"The bride travelling in a GREY costume with BROWN hat to match."

MORECAMBE AND HEYSHAM VISITOR AND LANCASTER ADVERTISER:—"Her CORNET and veil were loaned by her sister-in-law."

SUNDAY POST:—"You could have heard the PROVINCIAL pin drop."

ALDERSHOT NEWS:—". . . will turn out on parade 'SPICK and span.'"

The Last Laugh

W. M. (Caterham).—"In spite of the use of various tonics and restoratives I am steadily getting balder and balder. What is the real root of the trouble?" No roots.

MISS P. (Epsom).—"He kissed me when I wasn't looking." So you refused to look at him for the rest of the evening?

N. C. (Clapham).—"It will soon become quite impossible for me to keep on calling at your office." How soon?

S. P. (Bournemouth).—"Don't you consider my long letter too funny for words?" Not for the words we're thinking.

SARAH (Torquay).—"My mistress was very annoyed with me for taking so long to fill the pepper-pot." Still, you have our sympathy. It's an awful job getting the stuff into those little holes at the top.

V. B. (Slough).—"I know of nothing more exasperating than to find a hair in my soup." But it would be worse to have the soup in your hair, wouldn't it?

J. R. (Enfield).—"When viewing works of modern artists, one should look for beauty of colour, form and brilliant drawing." We suppose there's no harm in looking.

TOPSY (Barnsley).—"Love, real love, is a wonderfully beautiful story." That's right. And marriage is the talkie version of it.

J. A. (Liskeard).—"In the country, life is just what you make it." And in the city life is just what you make.

ARCHIE (Mayfair).—"I must have a job where I am paid what I am worth." Then how will you manage to live?

W. R. (Lymington).—"There would be less road accidents if pedestrians were only patient." True. The more patient pedestrians, the fewer pedestrian patients.

F. A. (Calne).—"My dog possesses a family tree." Ours has no particular tree.

D. W. (Maida Vale).—"I told my wife we should have to stop going to the pictures so often as I had to think about our bills." Well, you could do that at the pictures, couldn't you?

E. K. (Manchester).—"Do you agree that women are better calculators than men?" Well, they certainly pay more attention to their figures.

P. T. (Wednesbury).—"Nowadays, I often hear a great deal of bad English." And the quality of the Scotch isn't too good, either.

MISS S. (Fulbourne).—"My boy friend wants to kiss me and I don't know what to do." Don't worry, he'll show you.

H. A. (Gainsborough).—"My wife said she was thoroughly worn out trying to get into her new dress, but I told her she didn't look all in." That must have given her a shock.

T. T. (Dunstable).—"We hear a lot too much about the fellow who sings in his bath. Why sing in a bath anyway?" Well, it is about as safe a place as any, isn't it?

PHILOSOPHER (Edinburgh).—"It is true that a man always reaps what he sows." You may be a philosopher, but it is clear you are no amateur gardener.

E. F. (Leyton).—"I have height, good looks, intelligence and a fine physique. In fact, I lack nothing." What about modesty?

C. W. (Walton).—"My fiancée insisted on resting in a chair when I wanted to secure a full-length photograph of her." You won't take that sitting down.

MISS W. (Ilford).—"I know I have always been at home doing housework, but I don't see why my young married sister should call me 'dusty.'" Perhaps it's because she considers you've been on the shelf too long.

PTE. L. (Aldershot).—"A sergeant, two corporals and four lance-corporals pushed hard for more than ten minutes, but the door refused to budge." And then you explained that it opened inwards?

K. M. (Rickmansworth).—"When I entered the haunted house the clock suddenly struck twelve, so I waited and waited—and what do you think happened next?" The clock struck one.

DAPHNE (Andover).—"I sent a letter to my uncle, an old colonel, in which I called him a battle-loving knight, but I seem to have offended him, as he hasn't replied." Are you sure you wrote "battle" plainly?

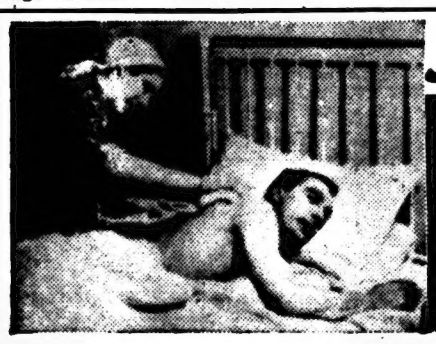
MRS. Y. (Hurstpierpoint).—"I ticked off my son Johnny for eating his brother Tommy's bun, and what do you think he said?" That you'd always told him to take Tommy's part?

B. S. (Guildford).—"Have you ever stopped to consider how very useful is the skin of a cow? It is absolutely essential for many purposes." Such as keeping the cow warm, for instance.

(Side-Slips: See page 21)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Want to surrender, eh? Well, I dunno whether I can take yer as easy as that. There's a lot o' competition, yer know."



JOHN BULL READERS! DON'T BE TOO LATE!

MODERN HOME NURSING and FIRST AID

The way you treat a patient may make all the difference between life and death—you simply MUST have this book in the home.

HOW TO TREAT

Bites—Stings—Burns—Cuts—Sore throats—Anæmia—Fractures—Loss of appetite—Bruises—Bad Breath—Catarrh—Colds—Chest Pains—Poor Blood Circulation—Fainting—Constipation—Dandruff—Deafness, including Deafness after Gunfire—Delirium—Indigestion—Rheumatism—Ulcers—Varicose Veins—Eczema—Hysteria—Fevers—Infectious Diseases—Inflammation of wounds—Sprains—Lumbago—Measles—Meningitis—Headache—Migraine—Foreign Bodies in the Eyes—Heartburn—Hoarseness—Nervous Breakdown—Nose Bleeding—Aching Eyes—Stomach ache—Sweating—Poisoning—Asthma—Backache—Bandages—Biliousness—Coughs—Diarrhœa—Insomnia—Lameness—Neuralgia—Neuritis—Palpitating—Red Pimples and Spots—Scurf—Blisters—Bruising—Boils—Chafing—Breathlessness—Corpulence—Cramp—Inflammation of the Skin—Dizziness—Dreams—Drowsiness—Irritability.

AMONG HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF FURTHER VITAL SUBJECTS ARE INCLUDED

Vital Problems of Personal Hygiene—Change of Life—Pregnancy—Emergency Midwifery—Children's Diseases—Problems of Motherhood—Artificial Respiration—Appendicitis—Chickenpox—Kidneys—Adenoids—Dyspepsia—Vomiting—What you should know about Diet—Poultices—Medicines—Drugs—etc., etc.

Taking Temperature—Concussion—Dislocation of Joints—Ruptures—WAR-TIME FIRST AID, including prevention and treatment of injuries due to Gas—Treatment for Casualties of Blast—What to do when hurt by flying bomb fragments, flying glass, fallen masonry, Ack Ack shrapnel—Overcoming effects of shock and noise, etc.

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"MODERN HOME NURSING AND FIRST AID"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS.

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1,045 PRIZES to reach winning Competitors on THURS. MAR. 13.

LAST DAY to POST - MONDAY FEB. 24

£200 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,257

W. Scott, Tovercal Factory, Blandford.
Example: BRITAIN'S COURAGE
Bullet: "BEACON" TO "BECKON" "BROKEN."

£20 Second Prize: A. Moore, 5, Cumberland Avenue, Gravesend
Example: On The Sea Front
Bullet: "Try Your Weight," Hitler!

£10 Third Prize: W. H. Burns, 72, Parton Street, Liverpool.
Example: Gold Fast
Bullet: Drive Britain *From* Shelter!

100s.: W. G. Sims, Cheddar Cottage, Cheddon, Trelloch, Monmouth.
Hitler Planned, But—We've Say—We've Sea!

80s.: H. Townsend, 6c, Rochester Av., Upton Park, London, E.
Dad's Shrimp Pump—Sucking *His* "Brand-Smiled," Anyway!

60s.: W. Forsyth, 8, St. Stephens Road, Bournemouth.
Where Hunns Went Wrong—Thinking *He* Was *Italy*.

40s.: O. Robinson, 94, Field Lane, Upton, nr. Pontefract.
Every Minute Counts, So—Shrimps—Who *Hake* There?

30s.: M. Thomas, Fore Street, Roche, Cornwall.
Where Hunns Went Wrong—"Dog" Tried "Hunter's Tricks."

38s.: F. Mercer, 3, Ashton Street, Lytham, Lancs.
When The World's Sick—Uncle Sam's Plentiful Grapes!

34s.: J. Henshaw, 10, Wrightson Avenue, Warmsworth, Doncaster.
Getting It Hot—When Gunsiehse "Night Fighter."

32s.: Mrs. L. Llewellyn, 286, High Street, Sheerness.
Where Hunns Went Wrong—But Hunns Generals Smiled!

30s.: Mrs. Cade, 6, Hill Top, Breadsall, Derby.
Small Shopkeeper—Shrimping Scourge—And Summies.

30s.: B. Millard, 34, Smith Street, Newark, Notts. (Entered on Prize Coupon).
Dad's Shrimp Pump—Eventually *Lassoed* The Bomb!

30s.: W. Morris, 11, Caroline Road, Llandudno.
Every Minute Counts, So—Office-boy Dreaming Of Overtime!

30s.: H. Perks, 260, Lovely Lane, Warrington, Lancs.
Enlisting's A Fruition, But—Grocer Should Be Grocer.

The 20 £1 Bonuses, 100 Surprise Awards and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

HOW TO WIN! Simply add a comment to any of the Examples. Then prune it down to TWO, THREE or FOUR words neatly fitting the Example chosen. Polish, alter and improve your effort until it has the simplicity and sparkle of the latest prize-winning *Bullets* on left.

You'll get absorbing entertainment building *Bullets* this way—and all the time you'll have the thrilling knowledge that one of your *Bullets* may well bring you a £200 First Prize cheque!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

IN BRITANNIA'S GARDEN
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WORK FOR A WOMAN
OUR FIGHTING FORCES
ROUND AT THE PUB
LIKE A LOST SHEEP
HOPING FOR THE BEST
AUNTIE MEANT WELL, BUT
MAN IN THE FACTORY
DOMESTIC "BLITZ"
IN THE DESERT
JUNIOR PARTNER
BUNK
YOUR PLEASURE
ALL THAT REMAINS
FEELING THE DRAUGHT
ACCORDING TO PLAN
MORE AT HOME
TRUST THE WORKERS AND
HITLER'S TIME-TABLE

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Threatening.....	In The.....Army
Anxious To.....	Made The....Jump
Wealth Of.....	When ....Arrives

20 BONUSES each value £1 for the 20 entrants whose sets of SIX *Bullets* on one coupon show most all-round merit.

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EXAMPLE .....
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EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

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I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

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1,261 NEW Closing Postmark, MON., FEB. 24.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin. ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 2,500-Word Guide to success.

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John Bull's Great New Pen Offer

a FREE 2/6 Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of the famous "John Bull" 5/9 lever filling fountain pen. The raven-black pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. The 14-ct. solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. A safety pocket clip is included. Or you may have THE "JOHN BULL" DE LUXE MODEL—UNBREAKABLE—fitted with a heavier 14-ct. solid gold nib and embellished with two 18-ct. gold bands, 1/6 extra.

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John Bull GIFT VOUCHER This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of a famous "John Bull" Pen. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each pen. VALUE 2/6

BRITISH MADE

WHAT "JOHN BULL" READERS SAY

From Mr. Wm. Johnston, 45, Bankfoot, Workington, Cumberland.

"I have just lost my "John Bull" pen which I got from you nearly eight years ago and as I am acting as secretary to our works war-savings group, it has been very much worked lately by members when signing their cardiboxes and it has been admired by everyone."

From Mr. E. Moyle, 24, Ambleside Terrace, Seaburn, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

"I have one of your pens now in use that I received from you some 16-17 years ago. It call it my 'faithful servant.'"

These are typical of thousands received.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

"JOHN BULL'S" PRESENTATION COUPON

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/9 lever filling pen. I enclose P.O. for 3/6 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 6/6 in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" lever filling pen DE-LUXE model. I enclose P.O. for 4/6 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/- in all.

FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE. Cross out guide of nib NOT required.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

Write clearly in Block Letters 12.2.41

Cross Cheques or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

If You Will Pardon Me...

I Was Dubious At First—

BUT NOW I FEEL MUCH BETTER AND BRIGHTER

Lumbago and Run-down Condition Banished by

Yeast-Vite

Brand Tonic

Cheltenham,
Nov. 22nd, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

Thank you for Yeast-Vite tablets.

I took them as a trial for my lumbago and run-down condition, and found they really did start to do me good although—if you will pardon me—I was dubious at first. I am now taking the tablets periodically, and find I feel much better and brighter, as the relief from the pain which I found on taking Yeast-Vite tablets after only two days was most welcome.

Yours very truly,
(Sgd.) Mrs. E. W.

720 YARDS BELOW GROUND

Worksop,
Dear Sirs, Nov. 13th, 1940.

I have much pleasure in stating that Yeast-Vite has saved my life. Being a miner, I was struck with rheumatism. I was a complete cripple and was on crutches for months. I was sent to Hospital twice, but it only eased it for the time. I saw your advt. in the paper and I tried one bottle and got relief, and I continued taking them.

Now I am back working in the mines again, 720 yards below the ground, and I still carry them with me at work. I have told several friends of mine what has got me back to work, and they were surprised.

Trusting this will be a friend to others,
I am, Sirs, Yours truly,
(Sgd.) Mr. F. C.

"IN THE PINK"

Stoke-on-Trent,
Dear Sirs, Nov. 22nd, 1940.

I feel it my duty to express my appreciation of your Yeast-Vite tablets. I have had trouble with my stomach and nerves for a long time, and having given your tablets a fair trial, I feel in the pink of condition. I am quite happy to think how really good they are and will certainly recommend them to anybody needing a real pick-me-up. (Sgd.) J. F.

Hereford,
Nov. 25th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I must say what an enormous help Yeast-Vite is proving to me.

(Sgd.) Sister A. C.

"I FEEL IT MY DUTY"

Sutton, Surrey.
December 3rd, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to thank you and to let you know the benefit I obtained by taking your wonderful preparation 'Yeast-Vite.'

For many years I have suffered from stomach trouble and nerves, which gradually got worse and worse, until I felt it was almost impossible to carry on. I am a commercial traveller, driving myself several hundred miles per week, and this lack of exercise and such a cramped position was all against my complaint. I have spent pounds and pounds on treatment and various medicines, but could never obtain more than temporary relief.

I could not eat ordinary meals without pain or palpitation, and in bed at nights I felt in a terrible condition. I could not sleep, and downstairs I would have to come again and walk about, sit awhile, and do anything but rest. Summer holidays were spoilt by my food habits, and I was a general misery to all and myself.

I read many testimonials re 'Yeast-Vite,' and after all advice not to waste any more money on medicines, I bought a bottle, really making up my mind to try them thoroughly.

Almost immediately I began to get relief, and within a few weeks I was almost free, and in three months completely well and feeling as fit as a fiddle. I can eat anything and everything—how glorious after all these years of misery.

I have told dozens of people about this amazing change, and advise all sufferers from stomach or nerves to get going on 'Yeast-Vite.' So here's wishing you the success you deserve for such a wonderful medicine, and again many thanks.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mr. J. C.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/5 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE brand tablets 7d., 1/5, 3/5 and 5/8, including Purchase Tax. Sold Everywhere.

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

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EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by '*Elasto*', *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that '*Elasto*' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"*No signs of varicose veins now.*"
"*Completely healed my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Heart is quite sound again now.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*"
"'*Elasto*' *has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but* '*Elasto*' *cured me.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining 'Elasto', the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what 'Elasto' has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! *THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED!* *'Elasto' is Sold by Chemists Everywhere.*

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto', *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood. [J.B. No. 16241.]

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Elasto will save you pounds

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